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For the Register.

COUNTRY MINISTERS.

"For the author," says Sir Lytton Bulwer, "there is nothing but his pen, till that and life are worn to the stump." I know little about city ministers, but as to country ministers, I know that pretty much the same may be said, which Sir L. B., says of authors. I was the parishioner of a minister in the country during the space of fifteen years. He preached in his own desk full three quarters of the time, on the Sabbath, besides giving occasional lectures, and sometimes fitting pupils for college. His sermons were all written out in full. He visited the sick, called upon the well, superintended the schools, received visits and calls from his parishioners, attended meetings of ministerial associations, officiated at funerals and weddings, and provided for the wants of his domestic establishment, consisting of a wife and six children. His pay was five hundred dollars a year. He hired a house with a patch of land, kept a horse, a cow and a pig, and procured help for his wife, when he could for love or money. He purchased a few books every year, and took a few periodicals. He was in debt two or three hundred dollars for his education, and for this he paid interest.

All the time he could save from his multifarious occupations was spent in writing sermons. I often fancied that in respect to him, the words of the inspired penman were verified. "I heard a voice, saying unto me, *write*, WRITE." He did *write*, WRITE, not carelessly, but with thought and as much study as he could possibly find time for. His living depended upon his pen. As Sir L. B. says of the author, "The grist must be ground and the wheel revolve." But have not authors some advantages, which clergymen cannot enjoy? Authors have nothing to do but to study and prepare their sheets, then send them to the printer. Their time is their own. They have no round of parochial visitations to make, no cases of conscience to settle, or disputes to compose in actual intercourse with uneasy sisters and brethren. They have perplexities no doubt; the reading public are often fastidious, and publishers, sometimes, narrow souled. But they can try their hand at something else in the literary line; they can change their publishers. But a clergyman cannot change his parish at will.—He may quit; but can he get employment the next Sabbath or the next, and thus earn that bread which his wife and children need?

The clergyman, whose parishioner I was for fifteen years, became feeble in health, but he had "no time to be ill." He must write, write, or his pay would stop; for he was to receive so much a year so long as he continued to supply the desk. He grew anxious. This increased his malady. At length he was too sick to write or preach. He hired a supply for a month, paying ten dollars a Sabbath, and boarding the preacher in his own family. This he found would run him in debt. He needed rest He resigned his charge, and was thrown upon the world penniless, and with small prospect of doing any thing for the support of himself and family for a long period. He had many friends. They gave him much aid, but he was falling in debt every day. When he went to the grocer, he perceived that his look was not as it was once. He looked as if he felt that his goods were dealt out, not only without profit, but without prospect of any payment, cash or produce. But he recovered so as to be able to preach again, found employment, and some said, "now he can preach his old sermons, his work is all done. He need not write nor study." But his old sermons, he thought, were not adapted to his new audience. He must revise, and often rewrite. His labor was still, by no means, light. His debts had increased. His domestic expenses were not diminished, and he went on in anxiety, and "with all the struggle and toil, and all the weariness of brain, nerve and head," which it ever fell to the lot of any author to endure. He died, beloved and lamented, before he reached the age of sixty. His family was broken up. Places were found for the children. His widow went to live with a sister, whose husband offered her a home.—Her name is annually called out in the convention of Congregational ministers of Massachusetts. That is a blessed charity. Are its funds sufficient for the relief needed? Are there no widows, who have been mothers in Israel, but who are left too much dependent on the cold charity of the world?

Are there not ministers too, who once labored faithfully and successfully in their vocations, but who are now, "laid on the shelf," poor, perhaps sick, needing comforts, which they once possessed, and sinking under such burdens, as their own hands were often, in times past, put forth to relieve? The state of things, for many years, has been such in regard to the permanence of the ministry, that if due inquiries were made, it cannot be doubted, that many objects worthy of charity might be found. Has any such inquiries been made? Should there not be some investigation on this subject? Let facts be known, and the benevolent, who are able will not withhold relief.

N. H.

All outward troubles are for to help the soul; when God touches our bodies, our estates, or our friends, he aims at the soul in all. God will never remove his hand, till something be wrought upon the soul. [Sibbes.

It is cheated desires that tear the heart; the insect feels in every thread of her web and bleeds in a thousand different pores. It is thus with those who fasten to the world and link their fortunes with the multitude. ["A world without souls."

MR. JOHN W. BEALS.

Extract from a sermon preached by Rev. Mr. Hosmer, before his parishioners on Sunday last. We are gratified in being able thus to join in the tribute to the memory of this man of exemplary life, as also of much active business enterprise:

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God; and he shall go no more out; and I write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of Heaven." Rev. iii, 12.

* * * Mr. Beals had no gifts that made him conspicuous in society—he led a plain unostentatious life, and yet all who knew him have regarded him as one of the pillars of society. There are men of words, and men of deeds—the men of words have usually passed for more than they are worth; they have argued men into admiration of their intellectual ability, or charmed them by their eloquence, and so have been placed in conspicuous position, and regarded as the most important and useful men. But the men of deeds are in fact the pillars. They may not shine; their names may not be known at a distance: they are never the subjects for popular eulogy; they are not much seen in public places, and yet society leans upon them and could not live without their support.

Mr. Beals was eminently a man of deeds—his life was in action—and for a life of action he was richly endowed: he was judicious, decisive, and energetic. Few men are more obedient to conscience than he was. Whatever he thought to be his duty he at once undertook, and what he undertook he seldom failed to accomplish. He did not halt between design and execution—he could not understand those who do thus, it was so unlike himself. His deeds grew out of his intents at once and continually, as water flows from its fountain.

The life of our deceased friend has been spent in an interesting sphere of action. Justly he may be regarded as one of the founders of Western New York. He was a native of Boston, educated in the common schools of that city—learned his trade by a faithful apprenticeship, and when he was twenty-one years of age came and made his home at Canandaigua in 1812, and in 1826 removed to this place.

And now for one moment contemplate the great change that has been wrought in the western part of this State since that date. Going back to that period, we see here a few inconsiderable villages and the rude cabins of the early settlers scattered amidst the forest. Much was to be done;—the forest must be felled, the soil reclaimed,—trade and the arts introduced—homes, schools and churches established—indeed a little world was to be made, and society built up from the foundations. Not a little of that great work has been done; a beautiful country has been reclaimed and settled, containing within its favored borders, beautiful rural towns, flourishing villages, commercial cities and a population rather distinguished for industrious habits, correct morals and general intelligence. The foundations are laid in Western New York for a noble community. So much could not have been done without faithful endeavor, labor and sacrifice. The settlement of a new country is a great achievement—and now were we to inquire who have built up this civilization—were we to take some elevated stand point and overlook the whole in its progress, we should probably be surprised to see how few have really been pillars to the fabric of society—we should see some who have done much hard work, but by reason of rudeness and ignorance have been unable to contribute much to the growing civilization. Others we should see with large endowments and capable of great usefulness, yielding to the coarse gratifications of border life and becoming ministers of ruin to the weak and the unwary. And we should see others too indolent or too selfish to plant a tree—to make a road or to build a school house—lest they should not live to enjoy their benefits—comparatively but few, would be found to have been large benefactors, real pillars; and these would be seen distributed through all the walks of life. The intelligent and upright farmer and mechanic, the honest merchant, the good physician, the devoted minister, and the well informed conscientious and far seeing lawyer, these are the men who have done what has been done of good. These are the founders of our civilization; and among these our departed brother held no mean place. If some others have done more than he in the theory, in the speech making and the office holding of society and government, who has done more than he of the actual work of life—who has done more to uphold good order and promote sound morals and establish pure religion. It is difficult to estimate the value of such a man as was Mr. Beals, to a new community, so excellent in his house; so exemplary everywhere; so intelligent concerning all the affairs of active life; so upright; so promptly energetic; so persevering; that every heart, fireside and institution was the safer and the better for his service. His strength of character made him a pillar. Our friend was a terror to evil doers—what he believed to be wrong, he treated as wrong—and never feared to give his honest reproof to a delinquent neighbor or friend—no one, who was stooping to meanness or knavery desired to meet him. It takes but few such men as he was to create a virtuous public sentiment. Some perhaps might think that he leaned to severity in his treatment of the unworthy—if ever it was so, it should be remembered that he made no exception in his own favor—he was severely conscientious, and kept a tight rein upon his passions and desire. Such a man may be pardoned for some slight severity in the cast of his character. He had the material of a violent temper as every man of great active energy has—but he ruled himself, and what might have become violent temper was wrought into a permanent force of character. He was determined without oaths and profaneness—and could act vigorously without rough rage.

According to the common acceptation of the word success, Mr. Beals did not attain to it. He labored hard and died without wealth; and this the world calls failure. When a man's money is gone the expression is that he has failed, has broken. But what is failure? What is it to be broken? What is success? The only real success is in a competency of this world's goods, with virtue, usefulness and personal religion. In this sense our departed friend was successful—he had enough for his wants, enough too, to be always liberal and open handed, and he has maintained his integrity and been extensively and permanently useful; and this is success even were we to look only for this world's happiness.

Mr. Beals has met troubles and reverses.—Again and again he has been thrown back as it were to begin business life anew. And in such reverses, as we all know, the character is in great danger. The temptation to business-men to hold on upon what they possess, though at the sacrifice of principle, is fearfully strong. How many sad moral failures—broken characters rise up to attest my words! When all is smooth and prosperous, and profits flow in, and capital accumulates, a weak character may float on without wreck. But to meet disappointment; to see wealth depart which had been thought to be secured; *in the world's view*, to fail and yet resort to no mean subterfuges, and break down in affairs, and yet stand firm in character, honest and true, this is noble. I deeply sympathize with business men—they have to pass through a terrible ordeal. Much of the virtue in the quiet nooks of life, upon farms and in studies, which passes with praise, would be broken at once under the intense pressure of business temptations. To stand in the eager throng of a busy city like this, and be calm and self-controlled, to guard against being over-reached by selfishness, and not become selfish; to conflict with hardness, and not become hard; to be tried by the dilatory and the shiftless, and not be impatient—to be assailed by reinless passions, and not be made passionate; to breathe the tainted air of corrupt business life, and keep the soul in health; these are great achievements; better than victories on battle fields, and whoever has done these things, has been pre-eminently successful.

Mr. Beals through his whole life has been a sufferer. Very few men are called to pass thro' so much agonizing pain. He has borne it with manly fortitude—patiently and in silence; indeed, his neighbors have not known how much he has suffered. He has never wearied his friends with the recital of his maladies—with a resolute, hopeful spirit, he has overcome them, and kept on with a surprising perseverance.—Well may we number him in the goodly company of those who overcome, and who are to be made pillars in the spiritual temple.

There is one important inquiry yet to be made, in this hasty review of our lamented friend's character: by what has he been made able to overcome? He was blest with many means of strength. He had good natural endowments.—The circumstances of his early life were favorable to a vigorous character. In his boyhood, by the death of his father, he was thrown upon his own resources, still enjoying the fostering influences of a good mother's care. We can see that this great providence, though it seemed severe, was kind to him. But, *more than all*, his strength came out of his religious principles. He was at heart a religious man. Very few, I suppose, knew how deep were his convictions, and how strong was his faith in God, as revealed by Jesus Christ. He never published his religious experiences; indeed, he had such a dread of formalism, cant, and ostentation, that he maintained a guarded reserve about his personal religion. I have said he was not a man of words; he could not speak of his religion so fluently as many; he acted, and his deeds speak for him.

He has always been among the foremost in sustaining Christian institutions. When health permitted he was never absent from public worship. Years ago, and as soon as an opportunity offered to join a church not fenced by a human creed, he became a communicant in the rite of Christ's commemoration, and for many years he has been an officer of this church. In all of life's duties he has been benevolent, just and true. And is not a Christian life the best declaration of a Christian faith? What need of tearing away the veil of modest reserve to show that the heart is renewed, if acts of reverence and worship, of obedience to Christ and fidelity and good will to men are not wanting? Why upturn the earth to show that a fountain is there, if a living stream is constantly gushing forth to bless the land? In his last hours, however, he did utter words that opened his deepest spirit; his modest reserve was overcome. Trembling with joyous emotion he spoke of that mercy of God as revealed in Christ, on which, with all his imperfections, he leaned and trusted; and to his sight the heavens seemed to be opened, to assure him that his prayers and his labors were not in vain.

I have attempted to portray the life and character of our departed friend here in this my poor tribute to his unostentatious worth; it is not what I would have had it, but his memory let us cherish with affectionate respect; let us emulate his virtues and take lessons from his sincere friendship—his fearless honesty in deed and word—his public spirit, his wide benevolence, his brave patience under suffering, his reverence for God and his readiness to do what Christ commanded; and, while with sadness we deplore our loss, we will rejoice in his gain, for inspired lips have declared it, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the Temple of my God; and he shall go no more out; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God which is the New Jerusalem, which cometh down out of Heaven."

TO THE CHRISTIAN COMMUNITY IN THE U. S.

We copy the following appeal from the Cherokee Advocate of the 28th ult.

Beloved Friends:—I should not take the liberty of coming before you with any of my distresses, were it not for that brotherly love which unite the hearts of the children of God in every land, and makes it their delight to know, and bear each others' burthens. Many of you, I presume, have already sympathized with the Cherokees, and shared deeply in their afflictions. I would not therefore call on you, to contemplate past events, further than shall be necessary to represent our present distressed condition; nor can I represent this but in part

From time immemorial, the Cherokees were peculiarly happy in each other, and in their own chiefs and government. At length the U. S. Government displayed special kindness, in erecting mills, and smithshops, and in furnishing us with implements, and especially in encouraging and assisting missionaries in instructing us and our children, not only in literature, but in the great doctrines of religion We wished to follow the advice and example of the U. S., as far as we consistently could, and therefore adopted a republican form of Government, in which the majority ruled; and all the people at the return of stated periods, assembled to elect officers. Under this government they lived happily for a number of years. At length, however, by circumstances entirely beyond control, divisions were excited among them, and the kindest ties of friendship were broken; so that brother was set against brother, son against father, and friend against friend. The nation however clung, and still clings to its republican government; but the divisions introduced a number of years ago, still continue to exist, and the minority dissent from the government formed by a large majority of the people, and decline submission to the rulers they have elected. I do not mention this to wound the feelings, or injure the character of the minority, but simply to make known our situation.

Our officers, being sworn into office, feel bound to sustain, as far as possible, the government and laws of the nation, while a few of the minority I hope but a few, seemed to be determined to put them down. And thus there is a direct collision. Could we make a law that the minority should govern, without destroying all government, and introducing mere anarchy, or could we do anything else consistently to bring back that brotherly affection which but a few years ago existed among us, I for one should rejoice to do it. But the question recurs, what can we do? The darkness grows still darker, in our path; and I greatly fear the effects of a continued division, let the parties be separated or not. And though I would not call in question the purity of the President's motives in recommending a division of the country, and the extension of the criminal laws of the United States over us, yet I greatly fear the effects of such a measure, as being likely to produce very disastrous consequences, if not the entire destruction of the nation. But with the nation must fall also, all our churches, schools, institutions for religious and literary improvement, and all our hopes, and the hopes of the Christian public with regard to our future prosperity. Although those of us who have a knowledge of God, supplicate his aid, and some of us spend the night and day in prayer, and cling to God as our only hope, yet I greatly fear the consequences of having the Cherokees, or any considerable portion of them, called upon again to remove without their consent

In view of our present distresses, and the gathering clouds which seem to threaten us, I most earnestly beg and entreat, your immediate, fervent and effectual prayers in our behalf. O, pray for the distressed Cherokees. Pray that the United States government may be directed by infinite Wisdom to such a course as shall be best calculated to reinstate us in our former united and happy condition.

Your afflicted brother in the gospel,
GEORGE LOWREY,
Acting Principal Chief Cher. Nation.

A POPULAR MINISTER.

There is a thing called popular influence. It grows out of the reputation which a man possesses in general society, for learning, ability, talent, pleasing, winning address. It is a high average estimate put upon showy parts, or special attainments which may be made to subserve the gratification and entertainment of the popular mind. The minister of Jesus Christ is not exempt from a temptation, less or more influential, to admit into his mind and heart, the desire to gain, or enlarge, or secure the verdict of popular favor. Now just to the extent that vanity, pride, or selfishness is concerned in this desire, so far a low, degrading motive enters into his spirit, and a base alloy mingles with his best performances. The sacred office, indeed, has been selected by not a few, as a *profession*, on precisely the same principles which would decide others in favor of law or medicine. The honor, ease, emolument, or popular influence, which are hoped to be secured, constitute the reasons and grounds of preference. Need we say that such a process is wholly subversive of the cardinal principles of the gospel!

There is a popular influence, however, which comes unsought, and is the involuntary homage of public sentiment to the sterling virtues of a spotless character and a useful life. He whose main concern is to do his duty to Christ and the Church, who submits his soul to the unquestioned dominion of the motives which the gospel presents; who, despite the cravings of self-indulgence, ambition, or interest, devotes himself to the work of the Christian ministry, among the masses of mankind, and in those fields of labor where the most urgent demands exist for energy, and activity:—Such a man is sure to win the mastery over all the resources which, under the blessing of God lead to influence in society. Godliness has the promise of the life which now is, as well as that which is to come. And where simplicity of intention and purity of heart, combine with patient and active labor, the exaltation of such a man will always be in proportion to the humility of his own spirit, and the extent of his sense of responsibility. One of the most popular and deservedly influential of all the ministers we know, is a man who probably least suspects the amount of popular favor he has won, while seeking *only* to please God and do his whole duty. In labors more abundant, both in the pulpit and at the altar;—careful and exact in his preparations for the sanctuary;—diligent in pastoral visitation, ready to rise at midnight and visit the hovel of poverty where sickness calls for the consolations of the gospel;—faithful in the administration of the discipline of the church, yet as kind and as faithful:—keeping the various departments of benevolent effort, the Sunday School, the Bible cause, the missionary collections, prominently before the public eye;—this minister has reached a position of commanding and extensive influence, without for a moment aiming at it, or thinking about it. Popularity so won and worn, will never injure a man; but on the contrary will add to those resources of usefulness and means of doing good with which the gospel invests him, and for the proper use of which, he is held to the reckoning of the great day. [Southern Christian Advocate.

"REVIVALISM" AT BIRMINGHAM—EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

[From a correspondent of the Chronicle.]

The town of Birmingham has been in a state of great commotion during the last few weeks, in consequence of a series of what are called "Revival" meetings, the scenes at which were of a most extraordinary and unprecedented character. It appears that the Rev. Mr J. Caughey, a minister in connection with the Wesleyan Episcopal Church in America, commenced these meetings about three months ago, in one of the Wesleyan chapels, and that the effects of his preaching were such as to excite numbers of his audience, chiefly females, to an extent bordering on distraction. The notoriety of the preacher, and the scenes that occurred, drew immense crowds, and for sixty successive nights the spacious chapel in Cherry street was not only filled, but hundreds had to turn away from the doors for want of room within. The reverend gentleman has now changed the scene of his labors, having this week commenced another course of meetings in a different part of the town. The same results have followed as at the previous meetings, and no pen can describe what these results really are. Some idea of the character of the sermon, however may be formed from a brief account of what occurred on Sunday. After a short sermon in the morning of a practical kind, but chiefly remarkable for the declamatory character of the style, those who "were seeking salvation" were incited to attend the meeting in the afternoon. At this service preparations were made to assist all who might go forward in their inquiries and aspirations, by about thirty lay and clerical preachers, who had previously taken their places within the altar there for that purpose.

Mr Caughey now invited the inquirers to come forward to the altar, and "when they were saved others would have the opportunity of taking their places." A good many, principally females, at once obeyed the call, and then commenced a scene of the most maniacal-like description which can possibly be conceived. The exhibition of the unknown tongues was nothing in comparison with it. Some were sighing, others crying—some ejaculating scriptural phrases with great violence of speech and gesture—and some again, seemed absorbed in a rhapsody of silent devotion. As they knelt round the altar, almost every inquirer had one, if not more, of these spiritual advisers kneeling before her, in close conversation; while others, less devoutly engaged, exclaimed, "The work goes on; the work goes on!" By and by several of those most strongly affected were removed into the vesty, where they were attended by Mr. Caughey's assistants; but two worshipers, a man and his wife, clung to the rails of the altar with something like a death grasp, and continued in that position for fully half an hour. Around these persons about a dozen young ministers were grouped; one planted himself on his knees immediately in front of the woman, and while vehemently entreating her to believe, first one and then another of the congregation fell on their knees, and in a state of the greatest excitement continued in prayer; others were singing, and just as the noise began to quiet a little, the person in front of the woman stood up and cried out, "Glory! Glory; she believes," when the whole assembly within the altar rails burst forth in a strain of the wildest acclamation—"Glory! glory! Hallelujah! Amen." In the midst of this *melee*, Mr Caughey, who had been quietly overlooking the exhibition from the pulpit, walked down and taking his place by the side of the distressed woman, told the audience that she would "get saved that afternoon. The voice of God had said so to him, and as her husband had got saved last week, he was now wrestling in prayer that his wife might get saved too." Again the young man already referred to got up, exclaiming, "She's saved," the whole chorus, in the most frantic-like manner, burst forth afresh in the exclamation, "Glory! glory!" This was too much for human nature. The poor woman now completely broke down, the blood seemed dancing in every vein of her head, and when about to leave the altar she fell into the arms of her husband in an almost lifeless state. In this condition she was taken to the vestry, accompanied by the young men who surrounded her, and the door was shut. In the evening Mr Caughey preached from the text, "This year shalt thou die;" and after assuring the audience that he had been commissioned by the Lord to warn some in that assembly that this year they must die, related the particulars of the cases which had illustrated the truth of his divine commission, when preaching on the same text before. The one was that of a gentleman, who had become so alarmed under the sermon, that he told his wife "he could stand it no longer;" went home; had just time to say he had insured his life for a thousand pounds; that he had his soul insured also in heaven—and died. The other was that of a poor man in York, who, after the service, said to his wife that he had no doubt but that year he should die as Mr Caughey had told him; and in less than ten days he was found by a gentleman by the wayside, resting on a bed of chaff and uttering the words "God have mercy on me" and died. The effect of these anecdotes, as told by the speaker, was such that but few people of weak minds could withstand them; and when the speaker had worked the feelings of his audience to the highest pitch of excitement, there was enough in the scene to drive even wise men mad. Having requested the gas-keeper not to turn on the gas till he gave orders for it, the sepulchral-like gloom, as night came down, was made a great deal of. This period was devoted to the exercise of devotion, in which the speaker called upon all who were impressed to follow him in his vow to "renounce the world, the devil, and the flesh;" and after a while the gas was turned on, when a shout of exultation, praising God that he had illumined at the same time the people present, closed this service. Then followed a repetition of the scenes enacted in the afternoon, and, we believe with the same or similar effects. From this description of these meeting, does it not appear remarkable that with all our boasted intelligence, there should still be so much superstition and prejudice amongst the people? It is no defence of these unnatural and unseemly exhibitions to say, that the chief actors are sincere, nor that in many instances good has thus been done.—That may be quite true; but sincerity, without reason and intelligence to guide and control it, is a motive that as readily impels to evil as to good.

OVERCOMING EVIL WITH GOOD.

The late Dr. Bowditch, of Salem, Mass., was a man as eminent for his great and useful talents, as he was beloved by all who were acquainted with him. An instance is related of him, which is a complete manifestation of the command, "If thine enemy hunger feed him: if he thirst give him drink; for in so doing, thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head."

"Dr. Bowditch had been preparing a plan of Salem, which he intended soon to publish. It had been the fruit of much labor and care. By some means or other, an individual in town had surreptitiously got possession of it, and had the audacity to issue proposals to publish it as his own. This was too much for Dr. Bowditch to bear. He instantly went to the person, and burst out into the following strain:—"You villain, how dare you do this? If you presume to proceed any farther in this business I will prosecute you to the utmost extent of the law." The poor fellow cowered before the storm of his indignation and was silent—for his wrath was terrible. Dr Bowditch went home, and slept on it; and the next day, hearing from some authentic source that the man was extremely poor, and had probably been driven by the necessities of his family to commit this audacious plagiarism, his feelings were touched, his heart relented, his anger melted away like wax. He went to him again, and said, "Sir, you did very wrong, and you know it, to appropriate to your own use and benefit, the fruit of my labors. But I understand you are poor, and have a family to support. I feel for you and will help you. That plan is unfinished, and contains errors that would have disgraced you and me, had it been published in the state in which you found it. I'll tell you what I will do. I will finish the plan; I will correct the errors; and then you shall publish it for your own benefit, and I will head the subscription list with my name.'"

This simple fact adds great glory to the memory of this eminent man. It shows that he could command his passions so as to forgive the person who had wronged him, and to overcome him with unexpected kindness. In this respect he was greater than Alexander—for in all the pride and luxury of a mighty nation, Alexander, with enslaved kings at his feet, was a slave to himself, smothered his rising wrath and overcame evil with good, and that too, in a most substantial manner. Was not his conduct very beautiful, more noble than though he had exerted every effort to crush the man who was driven by poverty to the commission of a wrong act? Surely!—it was noble and worthy of all imitation. [Rel. Her.

[From the New York Observer.]

A CHEERFUL DISCIPLE.

Some that I know, called disciples, are gloomy and sad. You would think it was a cold drizzling, comfortless day in November with them, nearly all the year round. You would not think there was a smiling May or a sunny June or a warm July in their calendar. They look sad, and feel comfortless, and it makes one feel chilly to come near them, I have tried it several times. Therefore I don't steer my ship toward these ice-bergs. I give them a good berth.

But sunny islands there are amid stormy seas. And a very comforting thing it is, to fall in with them. And I had the privilege of late. I found what I call a Cheerful Disciple.

He was not one of your merry, loud-laughing bodies that thinks all happiness consists in a roar of merriment, and who can scarcely live on the excitement of something funny. It was not necessary for him to be on the look out for a good joke upon somebody or about some thing, in order to keep himself comfortable. He was no enemy to chastened good humor; and lively and sparkling wit never met his frown. He enjoyed such an atmosphere now and then—it was refreshing and animating to his mind, but the common air which sustained the spiritual life and vigor and joy of his soul was a thousand fold more valuable. Wit and humor were beautiful bubbles, well enough, as temporary play things, but the cheerful animation of his soul had more substantial aliment. By taking a little pains in my intercourse with him, I found divers things which ministered to his cheerfulness.

1. He was on *better terms with his own conscience than he used to be.* There had always been a quarrel between his conscience and his heart. They could not be got to travel the same road, any where, together. If conscience set out on a journey towards things which are unseen and eternal, the heart would not stir a step that way. And if the heart drove off with a chariot and horses, toward the world, then conscience clogged all the wheels and they dragged heavily and painfully. And thus were they in a very sad strife with each other. And it made the face sad: and depressed the spirits; and the disciple was gloomy and unhappy.

But the contest was over at last. The heart came over to the side of conscience and they got into sweet fellowship with each other, and like kindred drops were mingled into one. And in consequence there was plenty of sweet music in the soul. And you could see there was, by the brightness of his countenance. The dark clouds hastened away as the Sun of Righteousness appeared. And I have found out that a most capital thing to produce cheerfulness is to have peace of conscience.

2. And the *warm-hearted good will he had toward every body* helped him in this matter.—Time was when he was as much the subject of envies and jealousies, and variance and ill-will, when tempted as others; and then was he sour in spirit. Then evil passions took away all his sweetness. How can one have a happy cheerfulness of mind with such hateful things nestling in his heart. You might as well expect a man to have a merry face who had scorpions in his bosom. Ill-will towards others, in what shape so ever it exists, pitches, like a bloody pirate, all one's cheerfulness overboard. And the steam, that comes up from such a heart, darkens the countenance like the fumes and smoke of a distillery.

But our disciple had given selfishness a death-blow, and opened wide the gates of his heart and bade the beautiful angel Benevolence come in, with all the train that bore her image. And a goodly company there was of those new guests. There was kindness, and pity, and forgiveness, and forbearance. And their presence in the disciple's soul made him feel so comfortable that he could not but show the exhileration of his spirits. He had such a sweet and tender good will toward everybody, that it gave conscience a good deal to say in the way of approval, and made him on such good terms with every body that he could not but be a cheerful and happy disciple. As I am so satisfied with the power of this principle to produce the right kind, and the best kind of cheerfulness, that the next time I see any body down-spirited and gloomy, I mean to hasten after them and beg them to love every body with a pure heart fervently and see if that will not cure them. I think it will. I have seen many people cured so.

3. And another thing that helped my friend about his cheerfulness was, *that he had right views of and right feelings about this world.*—Many people think it so important, that they should have property, a fine equipage, a high honor among men, or that their children should show off well upon the world that they greatly burden their hearts with these matters. They are panting, and grasping, and struggling, and vexing their souls so much about these things that they cannot be happy. They stagger along in life under a heavy burden. You might as well expect a convict to be cheerful, who had a ball and chain to his leg and a heavy load upon his back.

But our disciple had found a hint in a old book, about "using the world and not abusing it" and he thought it a capital thing to try the experiment. And so instead of getting the world all upon his back to crush him, he just kept himself above it. He would not be mastered by it. It should serve him. He would not have it run away with his affections, nor chase him into the closet, when he went to pray, as it does many: nor rob him of the time needed to take care of his soul. He had seen others robbed and abused after this fashion, but he would stand his ground. And he did. And he got so much the better of the world that, when lavish of its favors, it could not take captive his heart, and when it took them away, it did not, and could not break his peace. He had good sense enough to take the following advice which though old was just as good as new. "Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms." So the world, which ever way it went, could not becloud his brow, nor destroy the sweet cheerfulness of his heart.

4. As *good company* promotes cheerfulness, our disciple got a good deal of his in that way. He found out, from very respectable authority, who are the "excellent of the earth" and having, by his own observation and experience, come to agree with said authority, he found his way into their society. He did not find many patriarchs or apostles to associate with, but he looked up those who came the nearest to them. And he found that it was no mistake of his to fall into such fellowship. For as iron sharpeneth iron so did their countenances his. And they walked together being agreed. And as they loved the same sort of things, and those things were very precious and valuable, they had plenty of sweet communion together. And it enlivened his spirit wonderfully.

5. I cannot stop longer than to mention one thing more that helped him about being a cheerful disciple, he had *some very high and pleasant expectations in regard to the future.* Hope does wonders about enlivening the people. And the more so, the better the things hoped for are, and the stronger and better founded the hope. If hope is very animated and ardent of only the inheritance of worldly property, it makes some people at times, almost giddy with delight, and gloom is scattered away like a flock of frightened ducks.

But such an hope as gladdened the heart of our disciple see how precious!—It was a "hope of salvation," and a "hope of glory," and a "hope of eternal life," and it was the "full assurance of hope," and what could hinder its being a "lively hope" and how could he help being lively and animated and cheerful who had such an hope. That hope extended into that within the veil, and was an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, and it laid open to the view such glories at God's right hand that all the glory of this world seemed as does a taper at noon day. And this hope so enlivened our disciple that it made his conversation lively, and his affections for divine things lively, and made his feet so lively in his pilgrimage that he ran and was not weary, and walked and was not faint.'

And such a hope is one of the best things to keep people from stumbling into the Slough of Despond that was ever heard of. You cannot sink such a disciple any more than you can a life-boat. If you send a wave of trouble over him as big as any one that ever went over David, he will be above it again directly with a song in his mouth and a smile upon his countenance.

So much for the cheerful disciple. And I do not see why they should be so scarce in our world. There are so many things to inspire cheerfulness, in what the kind Savior has done for his saints—and so much satisfaction in the thing itself—and it adds so much beauty and attraction to Christian character—and enables one to be so much more useful, that it seems a shame that Christian cheerfulness should be so much of an exile from our world. There is plenty of the article in Heaven. Let every reader of this do what in him lies to make it plenty here.

SIMON.

QUALIFICATION OF TEACHERS.

Essential requisites in a teacher's character are, a love of children and a love of his work. He must not be a hireling. It is right that he should have a regard for his compensation; but, his compensation being provided for, it should be forgotten. To exclude the feeling of monotony and irksomeness, he must look upon his work as ever a new one; for such it really is. The school teacher is not, as it sometimes seems to be supposed placed upon a perpetually revolving wheel and carried through a daily or yearly round of the same labors and duties. Such a view of his office is essentially a low and false one. What if he does turn over the leaves of the same book from day to day, and hear the same lessons recited from year to year? What if he is required to explain the same principles, and reiterate the same illustration, until his path in the accustomed exercises of the schoolroom, is as worn and beaten, as the one by which, morning and night, he travels to and from it? Still, in the truest and highest sense, his labor is always a new one; *because the subject upon which he operates is constantly changing.* Every day he is developing new faculties, or carrying forward the old, through new stages of their course. Though the books which he uses, and the instruction which he imparts may be the same, yet his real work consists in his taking up class after class and conducting them onward through new portions of their progress. The charge committed to his care is weak, ignorant, immature and constitutionally subject to error. He imparts vigor; he supplies knowledge; he ripens judgment; he establishes principle; and he then sends them on their way, to fulfil the great duties of earth, and to be more and more prepared for another life. But so soon as he has fulfilled his duty to one company of the ever onward-moving procession of young life, another company steps in to occupy the place of the former. Their need of guidance, their capacities of improvement, are as great as those which have gone before them. They, too, are bound on the same perilous journey of life, and for the same goal of an immortal existence. He is to guide their steps aright; he is to see that before they pass from under his hands, they have some adequate conception of the great objects at which they may arrive; and that they are endued with the energy and perseverance which will make their triumph certain. As soon as this labor is done to one company, he bids them a hasty farewell, that he may turn, with glad welcome, to hail another, more lately arrived upon the confines of existence, who ask his guidance as they are crossing the narrow isthmus of time, on their way to eternity. Such is the teacher's duty,—to welcome each new group, to prepare them for the journey of life, and to speed them on their way; and again to welcome, to prepare, and to speed; and, I repeat it, it is, and forever must be, a new work, while new beings emerge into existence, to receive benefit and blessing from him,—to be rescued from what is wrong, to be consecrated to what is right. No teacher, therefore, who regards his duties in the light of reason and religion, can look upon them as repulsive, or monotonous, or irksome. The angel that unlocks the gate of heaven might as well become weary of the service, though with every opening of the door, a new spirit is ushered into the mansion, of bliss.

Let the teacher, then, who cannot draw exhaustless energies from a contemplation of the nature of his calling; let the teacher whose heart is not exhilarated, as he looks round upon the groups of children committed to his care; let the teacher who can ever consciously speak of the "tedium of school keeping," or the "irksome task of instruction," either renovate his spirit, or abandon his occupation. The repining teacher may be useful in some other sphere; he may be fit to work upon the perishable materials of wood, or iron or stone, but he is unfit to work upon the imperishable mind.

The teacher should enter the school room as the friend and benefactor of his scholars. He is supposed to possess more knowledge than they, by the utmost diligence and stretch of faculty, can receive from him; but yet no fact is more certain, or law more universal, than that they will make no valuable and abiding acquisition without their own consent and co-operation. The teacher can neither transfuse knowledge by any process of decanting, nor inject it by any force in the mind of a child; but the law of the relation subsisting between them is that he must have the child's conscious assent and concurrence before he can impart it. He cannot impart, unless the child consents to receive. What, then, is the state of mind most receptive of knowledge, and most co-operative in acquiring it? Surely, it is a state of confidence, of trustfulness, of respect, of affection. Hence it follows that the first great duty of the teacher is to awaken these sentiments in the breasts of his pupils. For this end he can do more, the first half day he enters the schoolroom, than in any week afterwards. But if a teacher presents himself before his pupils with a haughty or a contemptuous air; if he introduces himself by beginning to speak of *his* power and *his* authority, he will soon create the occasion to use them. The pupils themselves are first to be prepared;—to be put into an apt condition for the work that is to follow. If we take a survey of any department of nature or of art, illustrations and analogies will crowd upon the mind in confirmation of the universal truth, that, if we would exert an influence on any object, we must first bring it into a condition receptive of that influence. Does not the farmer break up the soil and open it to the sun, before he commits the seed to its bosom in expectation of a harvest? Have not celebrated artists owed their fame as much to the careful preparation of their materials, as to the skill with which they afterwards combined them? By softening agencies of fire or steam, the mechanic overcomes the rigidity or inflexibleness of his materials, before he attempts to mould or to bend them to his purpose; yet the chemical changes effected by heat, through the innermost particles of the bar of iron which the smith wishes to fashion anew upon his anvil, are not deeper or more transmuting, than the spiritual changes wrought upon the inmost emotions of a child's soul, by a demeanor of dignity and by looks and tones of affection, on the part of the teacher. When the All-bountiful Giver of the seasons wills to overspread our hemisphere with vegetable beauty and luxuriance, He does not scatter abroad His treasures of snow and of hail, nor bind the rivers in the death-like embraces of frost; but He causes the sun to draw near, and the genial rain descends; He scatters the infinite drops of dew over the earth, and summons the warming winds from the chambers of the south. Whatever is to be done, whether in the works of nature or of art material, which is to be wrought upon, must first be adapted to the work.

All teachers look upon books and apparatus as indispensable to the highest progress of a school? and hence the sending of a child to school with a demand that he should be taught, but without the common instrumentalities for teaching him, they justly regard as a Pharaoh-like requisition. Yet how much more indispensable are a desire and a purpose to learn, in the breast of a child, than a book in his hand! A spelling-book, a geography, and so forth, are very desirable; but a disposition to

the ordinary modes of benevolent action did not reach the evil; that in spite of the charity of a people who give with no stinted hands, pauperism and all its worst evils were rapidly increasing. He saw that the true remedial influence must be to a great extent a *moral* one and that it must be a *permanent* one. Hence arose the Ministry at Large. It is an institution—not something which dies with the enthusiasm of an individual, but permanent—a centre of union for the charitable minded, continuing on from year to year, and presenting a silent, but steady resistance to the encroachments of pauperism. Its active agents may die, or pass away, but others take their place, and continue the action in the same direction.

It proceeds on the idea that the great evils of poverty arise from moral causes, and that its influence must be exerted on character. To illustrate its mode of action. Here is a man idle, improvident, intemperate, selfish. His casual and meagre gains are spent in vicious self-indulgence. He has a wife and family. Whatever their virtues, though pure as angels, they will be found sunk in penury. How is permanent relief to be extended to them? Not by almsgiving. That will only make the man more at ease in his idleness and turn his family into beggars. There is but one real remedy. The man must be reformed,—and then and then only the worst evils of poverty will disappear. Light will shine into the chamber once so dark, and hope kindle in the mother's heart and shine on her children's faces. Here is seen the purpose of the Ministry at Large. It goes to that wretched man, in whom, notwithstanding his degradation, there are many desires for a better state, and with friendly hand would lead him back to the ways of virtue.

There are young children—orphans and worse than orphans—living amidst temptations, running wild in the streets, neglected by parents, forgotten by society, till they make themselves known by beggary or crime. Then society which stretched out no hand to save them from falling, crushes them with punishments when they fall. Large numbers almost without fault of their own, are preparing themselves for an idle, improvident, poor and vicious manhood. Here the Ministry at Large comes in. It goes to the source of the evil. It collects these neglected ones whom God made and whom man has deserted, brings them under wholesome influences, exercises over them so long as it is needed, a vigilant guardianship, and strives to prepare them to fill useful places in society, to live happily and to die in hope.

Another great source of the evils of poverty is found in the isolation of the poor from their more prosperous neighbors. If one of the latter is unfortunate, his misfortunes are known. Helping friends cheer and sustain him. Not so with the former. One of his class, it may be, loses his slender gains, or falls sick, or sickness in his family confines him at home, and consumes more than his earnings. The prosperous know nothing of him except as a day laborer. The moment he ceases to apply for work he is lost sight of and forgotten, and forgotten as if he had sunk in the sea. He is left alone. He loses the employment by which he gained his bread. He becomes dispirited. He has none, save those as poor as himself, to encourage or aid him. What wonder if he become reckless and seek relief in crime, or oblivion in intemperance? Some way is needed of bringing him back into the circle of his more prosperous brethren—some means of restoring him to the knowledge and sympathies of those to whom God has given more than his gifts. He needs a friend who shall introduce him to more friends and who shall help him on with friendly councils and put him in the way of profitable labor. The evils of this man's condition spring from moral causes— from that unchristianized state of society, in which its most unfortunate members at their worst need, are forgotten almost as if they did not exist, by those who have the greatest abundance of God's blessings. Here again comes in the Ministry at Large, to bring the high and low, the rich and poor, the fortunate and unfortunate together in the bonds of Christian sympathy and aid.

Then there are large numbers, with feeble health, or unsteady purposes, who, one by one, find their way from neighboring towns into the city. They have no friends, and they need some one on whom to lean. Left alone, they fail in their undertakings, become shiftless and destitute, and their children grow up neglected and unprepared for any useful pursuit. Such families will never be among the prosperous, but a little encouragement and council will often save them from the worst ills of poverty. The Ministry at Large is their friend and counsellor. Situated in some respects in the same way are large numbers of widows with orphan children. The Ministry at Large is the guardian of their children, sees that they are kept at schools, keeps its eye on their conduct, finds places for them and gives to the whole family the encouragement which the destitute and deserted ever feel when they find that one, whom they respect and on whom they can entirely rely, takes an interest in their welfare.

To take still other cases. The Ministry at Large finds a great number of young girls who are utterly ignorant of the use of the needle. It collects them together in a sewing school. It finds young lads who are occupied all day, and unable to attend the common schools of the city. To many of them the evening is full of danger. They have no home or place of resort which is morally safe for them. For some it provides an evening school in which they are taught reading, writing and arithmetic. Others who show a taste for it, are instructed in singing; and others, in still other branches which make the evenings pleasant and profitable. As they become old enough, they are put in the way of learning trades or some steady employment is found for them. During the week the minister is employed constantly in visiting families of this description—not unsystematically, but having once become acquainted with them, never loses sight of them, encourages them in good ways, makes them acquainted with their more prosperous neighbors, is with them in sickness and affliction, when employment fails and want looks in at the door.—On Sunday they are collected in the Sabbath school, and in the church, and the Sabbath is made not only a day of rest, but one of religion. Then as teachers in the several schools and thro' other offices, large numbers of young men and women of the more prosperous classes are brought into constant and almost daily contact with the children and families of the poor. Then, too, the existence of such an institution keeps alive the attention of society to the subject of poverty, and helps to direct benevolent action to some useful end. And more than all perhaps, it is a point of kindly union—uniting the more and the less favored classes. It is an avenue ever open, through which flow back and forth good offices and kind feelings. It helps to do away with all pretence for the base and wicked cry of base and wicked men, that the rich are the enemies of the poor. Its whole tendency is in a hundred ways to blend these classes together, to give them a feeling of common interest, and, doing away the division into castes, to unite them in one brotherhood. If it does not do all it wishes, it saves multitudes from sinking into pauperism, and draws up multitudes more from that abyss to establish them among the industrious, the useful and the comparatively prosperous.

MORAL BRAVERY.

We remember the story of a cruel master who without cause, had determined to sever a slave mother and her only child. She had been faithful under the very worst usage, and she determined to remain so, until he told her that on the morrow her child must be borne to New Orleans, and be sold there in the slave-mart. It was mid-winter. The earth was frosted with a hard crust, yet at mid-night she started for the Ohio, determined, if she could, to live and die with her child. She reached its banks as the pursuers rose on the hill beyond—no boat was near—masses of rotten ice were sluggishly drifting along—death was ahead. Trusting to Heaven, she put her feet on the treacherous element, and with it bending and breaking beneath her, (spectators on either side expecting to see her and child sink at every moment,) she boldly pushed on from cake to cake, until she landed safe on the Ohio shore. Five minutes sooner, and she must have perished —two minutes later, and she would have met with a watery grave—for before she had proceeded twenty steps the ice behind her, close on the Kentucky side, had broken, and was scattered, ere she reached mid river. 'Thank God you and your child are safe,' exclaimed the hard hearted master, as he saw her land, rejoiced that he had escaped the responsibility of their death. 'Brave woman!' said a Kentuckian who had escaped and met her at the landing, 'you have won your freedom and shall have it.' The mother and the child were kept together, and liberty is now their lot in their humble but happy home.—Was there not true heroism here, and is not the scene worthy the sweetest song of poetry or the holiest praise of man? [True American.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, JULY 18, 1846.

CELEBRATIONS OF THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By the accounts given in the various papers, we are gratified to perceive, that this national festival, was very generally observed in a rational, cheerful and profitable manner. There were some exceptions; some instances of the bombastic patriotism of other days;—some fiery and warlike demonstrations of love for our country "right or wrong"—some carousals, showing that liberty is still understood to mean by some licentiousness and not held to be what it is—a solemn trust—a high privilege bringing with it sober obligations and duties. But these were the *exceptions*. The day was in almost every one of our cities and larger towns, passed in innocent and improving recreations or dedicated to efforts in the cause of humanity.

One of the most pleasing features of the day, in Boston, was, as usual, the Floral Procession and sale of the Warren Street Chapel; the following description of which, has been handed us by a correspondent.

"Among the numerous civic and military parades of the fourth, the Floral Procession of the teachers and children connected with the Warren Street Chapel, was decidedly the most pleasing and interesting of the day. The representation of the "Seasons" was admirably conceived and executed, and as they passed along elicited universal praise from the thousands who thronged the streets.

The procession was formed about 9 o'clock A. M. First came children, two by two, under the supervision of their teachers bearing boquets of gorgeous flowers, and banners with emblems and appropriate mottos, wreathed with evergreen and flowers, preceded by an excellent band of music, followed by the symbol of "Spring" drawn by a horse; a platform supporting an arbor covered with evergreen and white flowers, within which in ploughman's dress, stood a boy holding a plough, and beside him a little girl with a basket of early flowers, emblematic of faith and hope. Festooned around the arbor was a wide green ribbon with this inscription, in silver letters.

"Bringing hope upon thy rainbow wing,
Type of eternal life; thrice blessed spring."

Then came more children bearing moss baskets filled with flowers, and wreaths woven in many devices, interspersed with banners beautifully wrought and decorated with sentiments fitting the occasion, followed by the Summer bower, laden with flowers, and buds and blossoms, and twining wreaths of every shape and hue in the greatest profusion, as if Flora had showered her choicest gifts upon it with a lavish hand. Beneath was a young hay-maker with rake in hand, and by his side on a pile of new mown hay a little girl crowned with a wreath, &c. Above was the motto, (in golden letters on white ribbon,)

"Spring's gay promise, melted into thee, fair Summer,
And thy bright reign is here."

Teachers and children with moss and wicker baskets filled with a beautiful variety of flowers, and garlands preceded fruitful "Autumn" covered by vines laden with clustering grapes, beneath the bower stood a young reaper by the side of a fine looking sheaf of wheat, with a young gleaner for his companion. Around the top of the arbor, was hung a purple ribbon with these words in gold letters.

"Life's Spring and Summer-time, well spent,
A golden harvest shall its Autumn crown."

Next came baskets and flowers borne in various ways and curiously formed into a thousand pleasing shapes, preceding frozen, dreary "Winter." This was a truthful design and represented nature in her sternest mood; icicles were hanging from the frosted frame work above, glittering in the sunlight, beneath appeared old hoary headed winter, wrapped warm in woollens, his white hair and beard long and flowing, with axe upon his shoulder, standing by a frost covered tree; beside him upon a stump white with snow, sat a pretty bright eyed girl personating "little red riding hood" dressed in hood and cloak, a homespun gown, and checked apron filled with dry sticks just collected for the cheerful hearth. The ground was covered with snow and ice, and dry branches from old trees; and with thick shoes, and mittens, she seemed well prepared to keep *comfortable* in such a wintry atmosphere. Above in frosted letters was written,

"When winter howleth at the gate,
In our *hearts* be Summer still."

After this came young men and boys with chaplets, and baskets filled with boquets, and wreaths and evergreens,—and wagon loads of delegates, the whole forming a lovely and touching appearance. The procession moved down Tremont, up Park, down Beacon streets, (which were crowded with spectators who evinced the warmest approbation by smiles, and exclamations of delight) to the Public Garden where a spacious pavilion was prepared for the occasion. The flowers were soon arranged for sale, the doors thrown open and the place was filled to overflowing. The beauty around the tables was irresistible, bright eyes vieing with bright flowers, lent a peculiar charm to the scene. All seemed pleased and pleasing; the day was fine as could be wished, and not the slightest accident occurred to mar the enjoyment. All connected with the procession, deserve much credit for their labor in producing to the public so moral and interesting an exhibition; may their lifetime be wreathed with flowers, and the seasons ever appear as beautiful to them, as they made them appear in this mimic show." S. P.

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There were also beautiful and successful Floral Processions in Lowell—Providence, Portsmouth and Salem. That in Salem appears to have been very pleasant: and we hope to find room next week, for a portion at least of the description of it given in the Salem Observer.

The Procession in Lowell was by the Sunday School connected with the Chapel of the Rev. Mr. Wood, Minister at Large, and their friends. The Lowell Courier says;

"It was a very pleasant affair. Liberal contributions for the occasion were made by Sunday Schools in the vicinity—with repeated assurances that it gave them pleasure and did them good to do so. The call for flowers was readily and handsomely responded to by many individuals.

The school met at seven in the morning. The following address to the children, by Mrs. Jane E. Locke, was then read to them:

Pass on, pass on, bright Floral train,
With garland and boquet;
All they who love the beautiful,
Shall welcome give to-day.

Ye marshal not with sounding drum,
With flourish and parade,
With heaven's fair gifts the loveliest,
Ye meekly are arrayed.

What heart that blessed nature loves,
And happy childhood too,
Would not, earth's pride abandoning,
Delight in such a view?

With merry tone and lightsome heart,
Earth's fairest gifts ye bring;
Oh, may ye pass as joyfully
Where *fadeless blossoms* spring.

Pass on, with fragrant jasmine flower,
That blooms in proudest hall;
With lily and with violet,
Fairest yourselves of all.

The procession started within a few minutes of the time appointed. First went a banner with this inscription, in laurel leaves, "Suffer little children," surmounted by a cross decked with flowers. This was followed by twelve little girls with boquets, the first two carrying small Bibles. Next came a large frame, dressed with evergreens, filled with twenty-four boquets, so charming that one gentleman bought the whole at sight. Accompanying this was a number of small boys, with boquets in each hand. Then appeared a large cross, thickly covered with evergreen. Close to this marched boys of larger size, with small crosses, covered with evergreen and moss in one hand, and large bunches of flowers in the other. Then a frame, on which were suspended moss baskets; succeeded by girls with moss baskets and grasses.

The centre of the procession was a frame, with the inscription, "Behold the lilies;" over the inscription was a single spike with thirteen white lilies. Beneath it, a profusion of white lilies and callas, set in a net work, rising from a large circle, in the form of a cone. Two beautiful birds were perched on the inscription, reminding of the Savior's reference in close connection to "the fowls of the air." Girls followed with baskets of flowers and wreaths. There was one wreath, especially beautiful, understood to be from Concord. A boy walked in the rear of these, with a long pole, down which hung scores of pond lilies. Another flower frame made its appearance, so fully dressed and loaded as to require a stout man to bear it. This was immediately succeeded by boys with baskets of flowers, and holding up arches studded with boquets. A banner was next in order with the words, "The rolling year is full of thee." Next, boys with vases of flowers from Littleton and Mountain Laurel in bloom from Wilton Hills. Lastly, a banner, saying "Come, buy my flowers."

Perhaps the most beautiful appearance of the children and flowers was when they were presented to view in one solid mass on the rising steps of the church, where the procession finally took its position, and the boquets were raised a few moments for exhibition, before the sale; gladsome countenances were set in nature's most beautiful adornments. In about half an hour from the commencement of the sale, nearly every article was disposed of, and in less than an hour not one was remaining. The receipts from the sale of the boquets, &c., at low prices, were about seventy dollars. After deducting the expenses, there will remain about sixty dollars for the charitable purposes of the chapel."

THE LATE POPE.

We prefixed to the letter in another column in regard to the Romish Pontiff, expression of the hope that some of the statements therein contained were not correct, because we very much doubted, whether at this age of the world they could be true,—at least to the extent asserted. We are glad, therefore, to find a writer in the Boston Daily Advertiser,—who has had "some opportunity of observation"—expressing a different opinion of the Character of Gregory XVI. That our readers may hear both sides, we copy one or two paragraphs. We have no desire, unfounded as we deem the pretensions of the Romish Church, to give the slightest encouragement to that sort of Protestant piety, which seems to think that any thing to the discredit of a Pope or Romish Priest may be believed on the slightest evidence.

"Of (the Pope's) private life and manners, the most contradictory reports are circulated, as generally has been the case in regard to the incumbents of the papal throne.

There are however some facts well established which may enable a candid observer to form for himself a satisfactory conclusion, without the bias of prejudice or party.

No censure attached to him before he reached the Chair of St. Peter! On the contrary, the abstemiousness which commenced with the monk, was observed by the Abbot and Cardinal; and the same bed, which served him in his Benedictine cell, went with him as his only couch to the church and the college, and afterwards to the Vatican. While he lent himself to all the pomp and splendor of those gorgeous ceremonies, in which the Head of the Church is required to take a part, his private deportment retained the simplicity of his original condition." In his rides and walks upon the public grounds, and visits to the workmen engaged in the public service, he appeared without guards or unnecessary attendants, dressed in the common habit of his order. The papal palace has never been the scene of profligacy or dissipation during his reign. He mounted the throne too late in life to give way to the indulgence of the grosser passions.

The writer had the honor of being received by him at a private audience on 17th January, 1845, and the interview was conducted in all respects as it would be between an American citizen and the President of the United States, or any other high official dignitary of our country. His conversation was easy and free, without any appearance of parade, placing his visiter at his ease, and inviting an unembarrassed interchange of observations. No one who thus saw him, and who had frequent opportunities of seeing him in public, would for a moment give credit to the charges of intemperance which make part of the common gossip of the day. It is true, probably, that he has not prohibited to himself a glass of wine. Such abstemiousness could hardly be expected from a sovereign, a quarter part of whose subjects subsist by the cultivation of the grape. At the feast of the Apostles, — where, according to the ritual, he acted as a servant —he poured out the wine and mixed it with water for the guests. Total abstinence is not thought to be so necessary in his country as in this, and forms no part of the papal creed. But the charge of intoxication, or any tendency to excess, is wholly incredible by any one who has observed the late Pope, and who has learned any thing of the character given him by his friends, or knows the slanderous propensities of the opposition which surrounded him.

There are some stories told too of his great wealth, which are equally surprising to such as hear of it for the first time. The papal states are poor. There is no method of great acquisitions but by individual oppression or wrong; and although the papal government is entirely despotic, its power is not reported or believed to be capricious or severe, beyond the ordinary operation of the laws. On the contrary, the late Pope had the credit of being kind, benevolent and charitable. Every body sees in Rome the marks of his liberality. In his encouragement of the fine arts he might be almost accused of profusion. None of his predecessors has ever displayed a more liberal or enlightened patronage, compared with the means at their disposal. The monuments and architectural ruins of ancient Rome have found in Gregory 16th, a most zealous, enlightened and generous protector. The Collisseum and the Forum Romaneum, the aqueducts and the walls of the city, bear marks of his private munificence, in the expensive and laborious restorations which he has made, and in the care he has taken for their preservation.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

Since the publication in our last paper of the notice of the exhibition at this institution, we have received the following official Report: and although it repeats some facts, we deem it best to give it entire.

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For the Register.

The undersigned members of the board of visitors of the Meadville Theological School beg leave to lay before the Public the following Report of its present condition and prospects.

The Annual Exhibition of the School took place on Thursday, the second of July. Twenty three students read dissertations; thirteen in the Junior Class, seven in the Middle Class and three in the Senior Class. The dissertations were upon subjects of Natural and Revealed Religion, Biblical Criticism, Sacred Literature, Ecclesiastical History, Pulpit Eloquence and Pastoral Care. These exercises evinced great fidelity in both Teachers and Students. It is evident there has been thorough and systematic instruction and laborious study. Indeed the visitors fear that the pressure of work has been too great upon both Professors and Pupils. Be that as it may, great progress has been made in the last year. The students have clear views of fundamental principles and when it is considered that many of them came to the school with but little preparatory discipline, their performances seemed the more remarkable; all of them were respectable and some of them were excellent. The Professors have entered a large field of usefulness and they seem determined that it shall bear fruit abundantly. They are able and devoted men.

The visitors are happy to see the effects of the central position of the school. It draws students from all directions—nine from New England, two from Illinois, six from Pennsylvania, four from Ohio and two from New York. The students are also of different denominations. Unitarian, Christians and Methodists. The visitors hail such union in study as an omen of more extensive Christian union. Here at least is a school free from sectarianism. The text books are the standard books of Theology and Morals which may be found in all theological Seminaries and the Professors carefully avoid sectarian bias. They aim to make good theologians not sectarians. Here at least is spiritual freedom.

The Library contains about 2000 volumes The most of them valuable books, many of which have been presented to the institution. In addition to the books of the Library proper, there are about 900 text books which are freely furnished to the students while in the institution. There are funds of considerable amount which have been contributed to aid worthy and promising students. On the whole the visitors can assure the Public that an opportunity is here furnished of thorough preparation for the Christian ministry. The Library already good, is constantly increasing, the teachers are indefatigable and competent to their work. Library and instruction are all gratuitous, and board and room rent are afforded for one dollar a week.

The visitors beg leave to suggest to those who think of entering this institution, the great importance of a thorough preparation at least in common English education, and, if possible, in classical studies. Greek, Latin and Hebrew, are studied by several of the students. All can do so if they desire it.

Three gentlemen have completed a course of study and go immediately to their good work and the visitors are happy to report that a large class is expected to enter the School next September. Thus far all is well. High hopes are more than realized. With prayers for the usefulness of this institution, the visitors beg leave to submit this report. JESSE E. CHURCH,
H. J. HUIDEKOPER.

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The latter member of the committee could not be present at the anniversary Exercises, but concurs in the Report of the general condition of the School.

For the Register.

SEAMAN'S CAUSE IN BALTIMORE.

An effort is now being made to interest the citizens of Baltimore in the cause of the sailor.

The object immediately in view, is to provide a Temperance Boarding-house, where seamen, when on shore, may enjoy the comfort and security of a quiet home;—where they may see their friends without shame, and feel something of the dignity and self-respect of other citizens.

For several years a Bethel has been established here. But alas, to what use! What avails it to them to attend the sanctuary on Sunday,—to join in the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation," and thence be forced directly into the *fiery furnace* of temptation, there to remain for the rest of the week!

The good "Father Taylor" has recently been here, by invitation, from Boston, to aid in this holy and righteous work. For a week or more he labored abundantly, "Instant in season, out of season," with his usual power,—nay, more than his usual power, for he seemed to be lifted above himself for the occasion; and with the "two-edged sword" of the truth, which he so well knows how to wield, made the weighty importance of the subject to be felt, by all who lent him an ear. The neglected condition, the exposures and perils, the just claims, the heart-felt wishes and wants, and the peculiar religious capabilities of seamen; as well as the weighty, and the sacred trusts continually and of necessity committed to them, Mr. Taylor set forth as no one else can do.

Such labors, we are sure, cannot be in vain. And for this his "work and labor of love," he has the thanks, not of seamen only, but of every good citizen. But there are not a few, we fear, who did not venture in the way of his weapon; and those the very class most deeply interested in the subject; men who have not given, and who seem not disposed to give it due attention. Content, with little of apparent gratitude or sympathy for the sailor, to enjoy, and to hoard the wealth, which he alone has enabled them to obtain; and seemingly with little feeling or regret or remorse, at his neglected, degraded condition. Content to live on the bone and muscle, on the very *life* of the sailor, yea, on the sacrifice of his moral, his spiritual being, as if he alone of all men, had no right to have a soul.

But the time will come, we trust, and we pray God it may be near, when they will deeply feel the debt of gratitude they owe, when the condition and the claims of seamen will be justly appreciated by them; and when they will be disposed most cheerfully to give the little of their abundance, comparatively very little, that is needed to accomplish the object in view, in a manner worthy of this great commercial city.

Baltimore, June 19th, 1846. C.

For the Register.

WANT OF MINISTERS.

MR. EDITOR,—In common, I have no doubt, with many others, I have read with much interest, the articles which have lately appeared in your paper, on the subject of the wants of the ministry and of the Divinity School. My own experience in a ministry of several years, has led me to the belief, that we need a much greater supply of ministers than we yet have, and that all whom we can by any proper effort, bring into the field, can obtain competent support, provided they are themselves suited to the work. My object in writing at present is to suggest to those who have facts and statistical information within their reach, the desirableness of being so prepared at the approaching meeting of the Alumni of the Divinity School, that we may discuss the subject in an intelligent manner, and take such measures as the cause of religion may seem to require. Z.

* The above was inserted this week by mistake. The call may be answered however in other ways than the one suggested.

For the Register.

MR. EDITOR,—I read with regret, a letter in your last paper signed "B. F. S." dated Brooklyn, N. Y. I feel sure that the writer of that letter is not as conversant with the matters he is treating of, as he thinks he is. And I am sorry to witness even an appearance of recrimination towards brethren of a like faith. That there is much zeal among the Unitarians in Brooklyn, no one will doubt, who has followed them in their great undertakings and good works, for a few years past. Yet I do not believe that any one, even of their society, should blow his own trumpet, as "B. F. S." has. Some degree of modesty added to his zeal, certainly would do no hurt.

I really hope, that ere long a second, and a third society will be formed in Brooklyn, and that the same spirit will be exhibited in them, as has been, heretofore, in the "Church of the Savior." But why talk so hardly of the New York brethren? They have made, in my opinion, a lamentable mistake in building such expensive churches, thereby casting a heavy burden, *hard* to be borne, on those who attend. But the deed is done, and now the people must make the best of it. The church at Brooklyn should perceive the difference between themselves, and their brethren in New York. In the former city is a very flourishing society nearly out of debt; and they are ever ready and willing to do their part in every good cause, for which they have the thanks of all good men. As regards a third society in New York, I think, had the Unitarians there, not felt the pressure of their own burdens, added to which, have been many disastrous results in the business community; they would have come forward with more liberality, and more sympathy for the undertaking; and I confess, that I think they might have, and should have done more; should show more zeal for Unitarianism, than they do.

A few words about the Unitarian Association, and the newspaper. "B. F. S." writes warmly on these subjects; but he writes without book. Had he consulted any of the directors of the Association, two of whom are from Brooklyn, he would have learned something of their doings, and would not, perhaps, have taken up as much room in your columns, as he has. The Committee of the Association who had in charge the paper, were determined not to commence its publication until it was certain that funds enough should be raised by subscription or otherwise to pay all expenses incurred. The funds could not at present be raised, either in Brooklyn or New York, and the project for a time has been laid aside; not permanently however. "B. F. S." cannot have much practical knowledge about printing a paper; and he is mistaken about the "New York Tribune." It happens that the publisher of that paper was one of a number applied to by the Committee, and his terms were higher than any other. If there is any press in Brooklyn that will do the work cheaper than it can be done in New York, the Committee will gladly avail themselves of it. "B. F. S." is requested to ascertain on what terms a paper can be printed there. Too much must not be expected from the New York Association. It has just begun its operations. The directors hope to make good reports of it hereafter.—They are now endeavoring to obtain a missionary to travel through the State. They are also about distributing tracts in the several towns.—Many of our denomination think these publications better than any paper could be.

There do not appear to be ministers enough of our denomination to supply the present demand; and it is not worth while to be establishing new societies, if we cannot send men to preach; our Association looks forward with high hopes to the Meadville Institution, whence they trust will come forth many, who will prove devoted preachers of liberal and simple Christianity.

Yours, R. W.
One of the Standing Com. Un. Ass. N. Y.
Boston, July 13, 1846.

For the Register.

"Over all parts of the United States, ministers and missionaries of our faith might be sent by scores and find grateful and intelligent hearers. New York and the vast West are altogether ripe for the harvest. But suppose we had three hundred or a thousand men, could we send them? No. We have not the means."

I copy the above from a communication in a late number of the Register and below state a few facts and leave those interested to draw their own conclusions.

1. That there are in Boston and its vicinity some ten to twenty Unitarian ministers without any pastoral charges.

2. That the Unitarian Association of the state of New York made known by their committee at the Anniversary of the American Unitarian Association and at other times during Anniversary week in Boston their desire to procure a missionary for the state of New York.

3. No one offered to undertake the work and no one in Boston was mentioned who it was thought likely would be willing to undertake it but with one exception.

So the committee had to return without success and we are still without a missionary.

The writer of the communication from which I have quoted at the head of this article says in conclusion:

"We are ready to come forward without a call when we see the means ready to employ us in our desired work and to carry on operations with vigor and success."

Now, Mr. Editor, the *call* has been made and the *means* are ready. Where is the man?

Yours respectfully,
W. B. A.

INSTALLATION AT SALEM.

The Salem Gazette of Tuesday, gave the following account of the installation of Rev. Thomas T. Stone late of East Machias, Me., on Sunday morning last, as Pastor of the First Church in that city.

The ceremony of installation was intended to be substantially an imitation of the early practice of that ancient and venerable church.

The services commenced with a voluntary by the choir. Then followed an address by Dr. GEORGE CHOATE, in behalf of the standing committee of the Society, which we have been permitted to publish,—which is as follows:—

My respected Christian Friends,—The duty having been assigned me, by the Committee to whose care was entrusted the induction of your pastor elect, into the pulpit, I have the pleasure to announce publicly, and officially, that the Rev. THOMAS TREADWELL STONE, on whom your choice has fallen, with such remarkable unanimity, has accepted your invitation, and is now ready to enter upon the duties of his office.

It is an occasion which demands of us a serious and solemn notice; inasmuch as matters of spiritual concern transcend in importance every other interest.

In fixing upon a plan of installation, the Committee have supposed that they were consulting your wishes by deviating from common usage in regard to ecclesiastical councils. A few words, however, in explanation of their views, will not be deemed improper.

In the first place, we have no belief in that great organization, which has hitherto been miscalled the Christian Church—which (however unintentionally) has multiplied human woes, crushed human hearts, and impeded the progress of human liberty, both civil and religious, for fifteen hundred years.

We have no belief in the Apostolic succession, so called, by which divine influence and power are supposed to have been transmitted, in some mysterious way, even through the most corrupt period of the church's history, so as to affect the validity and sanctifying efficacy of contracts in the nineteenth century.

We have no belief that St. Peter ever founded or placed himself at the head of such an institution; or that the Savior ever sanctioned its existence. "The liberty wherewith Christ has made us free," can have no alliance with an engine of tyranny and oppression. The great founders of our religion are in no wise responsible for the abominations that have been perpetrated in their names.

Nor have we greater faith in any more recently invented modes of authority, which in any way presume to stand between a Christian congregation and its chosen minister. They are all in a greater or less degree instruments of power, and liable to abuse. And if not necessary, they are certainly inexpedient and dangerous. We wish not to under-estimate the importance of the pastoral office, or in the least degree to sully its true honor or dignity. Let it ever be kept unspotted from the world, pure, a green spot in the desert, and uncontaminated by secular influence and the lust of power. The great poet fancied it was *ambition* that entered heaven, and caused the *angels* to fall.

But we do believe most implicitly, that "wherever two or three are met together in the name of Jesus Christ, *there* he will be in the midst of them and bless them." That, wherever any number of individuals are associated for Christian and religious purposes, there may be a church, and there *is the* church, and the *only* church, which true protestant Christianity recognizes. The *only* church, which can lay claim to the precious promises of the Savior.

In dispensing with the use of ecclesiastical councils, we by no means object to forms and ceremonies, as such. We cheerfully admit their importance, when significant and appropriate, on all great and solemn occasions. But we do object to *unmeaning* ceremonies, and *especially*, to those which indicate what we deem to be error.

In the simple ceremony of Lay ordination we seem to illustrate a great and important truth, which is the basis on which rests the boasted independence of congregationalism. We repudiate all foreign influence and authority whatever, except that of the great Head of the Church, whose disciples we profess to be. We acknowledge no other party to our contracts, but the congregation and the minister.

In asserting this great principle, if any vindication is thought necessary, we have only to go back to the early history of this church; well known to be the first church gathered on the western continent; which more than two centuries ago set the first example to the world, of the sufficiency of Lay ordination; when, at the induction of their first ministers, even Gov. Bradford, the distinguished representative from the Plymouth church, was imperatively forbidden to proceed with the right hand of Fellowship, till he had expressly disclaimed all authority over this church and people. And it is believed, that all ecclesiastical encroachments were substantially and successfully resisted, for at least half a century. A writer* of the highest authority, in allusion to this subject, expressly asserts, "that the church at Salem would not acknowledge any external ecclesiastical jurisdiction whatever; and maintained that the authority of ordination should not be in the clergy, but should entirely depend upon the free election of the people." We wish to be humble imitators of this sturdy adherence to principle.

But, my friends, whatever external form we observe, unless we look to Heaven for a blessing, —unless we open wide our hearts to their influence, they will be equally vain and fruitless. For "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but it is God alone who giveth the increase."

Here the congregation rose, and the speaker, turning to the pastor elect, addressed him as follows:

And now, my brother, if you concur with us in these views and sentiments, in the name and in behalf of our friends now assembled, I present you the right hand of fellowship and good will; imparting, in their name, all authority necessary to discharge the functions of the sacred office, to which you have been called. Full of joy and hope, we heartily welcome you into our midst, as our spiritual guide and teacher.

And in their name, I charge you to declare to us the whole counsel of God, as revealed by His Son, keeping nothing back; that whatever light may from time to time shine forth from the sacred volume into your mind, may be reflected to us also.

And may that Almighty Being, in whose keeping are all our hearts, grant that we may ever have an open ear, and a teachable spirit, to profit both by your example and instructions.

In your ministerial intercourse with the religious world around you, it is our ardent wish, that you cultivate a cordial friendship with all Christian ministers and people of every name, so that all who are ready and willing to reciprocate Christian love and good will, may find no hindrance on our part, since, without charity, we can lay no claim to be his disciples, whose sympathies and affections embrace the whole human family.

And finally, my brother, we welcome you into that sacred desk, which has been the scene of the labors of a long line of distinguished men, who were not only bright and shining lights in the church, but who, by their learning and their virtues, adorned and illustrated the age in which they lived. In the great day, when they, and you, and we, must give an account, may the seals of your ministry, as well as theirs, be the "souls of just men made perfect."

To this Mr. Stone replied. His remarks cannot be reported with perfect accuracy, but were to this effect:

Brethren and Sisters,—I cheerfully accept the welcome which you have given me. I freely offer myself to the service to which your friendship has called me. Would that I were able to sustain the joy, and to fulfil the hope, which you express! I can promise only the sincere and earnest endeavor to serve you with whatever power I possess, and with whatever illuminations of the Divine Spirit have been imparted to me.

It cannot be without interest,—appalling almost as the recollection may be to me,—that I succeed so long a line as has been alluded to, of distinguished men. Nor is it without interest that there remains with us the last of this line, whose sympathy and co-operation I have already received;—whose sympathy and co-operation I trust, will never fail unless I become faithless to the principles which have drawn us together. Let me bespeak your prayer and effort that I may be as true to the duties and responsibilities of our own age as were the fathers to the duties and responsibilities of theirs. By sympathy, by encouragement, by admonition, by remonstrance, by rebuke if necessary, as it doubtless may be, seek that I may rise nearer to the true character of the christian minister.

Brothers and Sisters, I pledge myself to sincere endeavor for the promotion of your holiness and salvation.

After which, he was taken by the hand and conducted to the pulpit. Then followed an anthem; next an appropriate prayer by Mr. S.; a hymn, and a most eloquent and beautiful discourse adapted to the occasion, which it is hoped may be published, for the advantage of those who were not able to be present.

*Eliot's Biog. Dict. Art. Higginson.

We copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr Burt in the Christian Palladium. The letter is dated Aurora, Ill. May, 1846.

"From the Missionary society connected with the Sabbath School of the First Christian church in New York city, I have received two boxes of books to aid me in establishing Sabbath Schools. I have received from the same society in cash $ 10,00, I have received from a Christian brother in cash $ 5,00 I have also received from the *American Unitarian Association*, to aid me in Missionary labors as a '*Christian Minister*,' in cash $ 100,00. These donations have been gratefully received, and I trust their appropriation has not been in vain. Certain I am, that the cause has been gradually advancing. Two churches have been organized in the vicinity of Fox River, several we trust have been hopefully converted, and the principles we advocate have been greatly extended—friends multiplied—and many new fields opened for the labor of Christian Ministers.

We have here, to fight the old battles over again, and to repel the slanders, that had been a thousand times confuted before. But truth loses nothing by exposure. The more they rub it, the more it shines. I have recently delivered three lectures in this village (Aurora) on the Unity of God, the doctrine of the Trinity, and the Person and Being of Christ. The attendance was large, and the result has been to bring many to the knowledge of the truth. What is wanting is an understanding of our sentiments as they are.—The Unity of God—the proper sonship of Christ —the union of all saints on the principles of Christian character; and the perfection of the Bible as a rule of faith and conduct. Let these be understood, and they will be approved. They commend themselves to every man's conscience. The position we occupy is high and holy, and occupying this position professedly lays under an immense responsibility, to exhibit our principles in all our lives practically, and to put forth all consistent efforts to extend those principles to the honor of God, and to the blessings of our race."

☞ We have received from a correspondent, a copy of a "Friendly Address" signed by by many of the inhabitants of Tavistock, in the county of Devon,—in relation to the preservation of peace between this country and England. The address breathes the same truly Christian spirit of the other similar documents that have been sent to the United States. The happy settlement of the matter which seemed at one time to threaten war, we rejoice to say renders the publication of this address unnecessary.

BEAUTIFUL SCULPTURE. Mr Brown, a Boston sculptor, now in Italy, whose works show remarkable genius, has completed a work which has just arrived here. The subject is Jesus blessing little children. It is executed on a slab of white marble, in alto relievo, being intended for a tomb in Mount Auburn. The conception is simple and very beautiful, and it seems to us to meet very successfully the high requisitions which a lofty religious sentiment would impose on such a design. The execution is very careful and expressive.

It has been wrought for Mr Charles H. Eldredge, who has been kind enough to leave it for the gratification of the public at Mr Munroe's bookstore. He has secured to the country an admirable work of art. [Advertiser.

, Rev. Samuel May has asked and received a dismission from the pastoral charge of the Society in Leicester, with which he has been connected for the last twelve years. He preached his farewell Sermon on Sunday last.

For the Register.

The following list of Sunday School Books is furnished in behalf of the Reviewing Committee of the Worcester Sunday School Society.

Fox's Allegories; I'll Risk it; The Cousins' Journey; The Kindest Friend; Susan Ellmaker; The Model Family; Persevere; Michael Kemp; Five Years of Youth; My Early Home; Velvet Cushion; Crofton Boys; Love Token for Children; Reuben Kent at School; Adolphus James; The Young Patriot; The Cousins; Confessions of an Early Martyr; Boy of Spirit; Rosa of Linden Castle; Tales from the Parsonage; Every Day Duty; Religion at School.

For very Young Children. Little Edward; Crabb's Tales; Only One Cake; Brown Linnet; Green Gages; Floweret; James Talbot.

E. B. W.
H. W.

For the Register.

OBITUARY.

HENRY H. GIRD.

Prof. Henry H. Gird died the 30th of May, aged 42, near Lebanon, Illinois, where he had commenced farming for two years, having been driven from his profession by ill health and bad eyesight. He was educated at West Point and was engaged in the Engineer department at Forts Pike and Jackson until he was elected to the Presidency of the Louisiana College, at Jackson, La., where he remained as President and Professor of Mathematics for up

With reference to the death of the Pope, we copy the following letter of the Foreign Correspondent of the Boston Atlas. To what extent all his statements are to be wholly trusted, we know not. We should be glad to learn that some of them are false.

ROME, June 5th, 1846.

POPE GREGORY XVI. died on Monday, the 1st, at a quarter past nine o'clock, A. M., and I have thought some account of him, and passing events here, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Atlas. On the Thursday week previous, Ascension Day, he officiated at the church of *St. Jeande-Latran*, and took cold while blessing from the balcony the kneeling populace in the Place *San Giovanni*, which brought on a slight rheumatic fever. It was not, however, considered at all serious, and he was setting out on the 26th, to celebrate St. Philip's day at the *Chiesa Nuova*, when symptoms of erysipelas appeared on his leg, near a running wound of long standing. On the 30th it had spread over the whole limb. He became sensible that his last hour was nigh, and partook of the communion. The next morning he died. The Cardinal Penitencier being absent from Rome, the extreme unction was administered by the Abbe Peoin; but the Pontiff was already senseless, and died before the superiors of the different orders could arrive to confer the various indulgences which they are empowered to bestow. He passed without a struggle from this world to the next, and I fear that after an impartial review of his life, it will be fair to presume that he is the only person who will suffer by the change.

MAURI CAPELLARI was born at Belluno in 1765, and placed by his parents, respectable citizens, in a Benedictine Convent of Camadules. He soon distinguished himself as a profound scholar, and was chosen an officer of the monastery of St. Gregory, in this city, where he became so famed as a mathematician, that when the French army came here, Napoleon caused strict search to be made for him, with a view of taking him to Paris, and placing him in the professorship of mathematics, at the Polytechnic School. He succeeded in keeping concealed, and after peace was restored increased his reputation by publishing the "Triumph of the Church," "an Answer to Tamburini the Seceder," and other sectarian works. In 1825 he was named Cardinal by Pope LEO XII, and placed at the head of the *Propaganda*, or missionary school here; and on the 2d of February, 1831, crowned Pope, under the name of Gregory XVI, (in opposition to the strenuous remonstrances of Austria,) and has since been regarded by the Catholics as "the Minister of Christ, the Dispenser of the mysteries of God;" the successor of him to whom it was declared, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven—and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, it shall also be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed in Heaven."

As a man, if not greatly calumniated, he was passionate, not much restrained by his vows of chastity, and habitually addicted to the intemperate use of intoxicating drinks. This last failing enabled the French Government to obtain great favors at Rome, by semi-annual presents of Champagne; and has been well hit off by a *Pasquinade*, the "Punch" of Rome. It represents the deceased knocking for admittance at the gates of Paradise. "Who wishes to enter?" asks St. Peter. "Gregory your successor at Rome." "But," replies St. Peter, "Gregory the great died, and came here, a long time ago. Who are you that have taken his name?" "Why, they called me, in Rome, Gregory Nevone," [the tippler.] "Oh! I have heard of you; come in." When he was crowned, he distributed copper coins to the populace, saying, "Aurum et Argentum non est mihi, quod autem habeo tibi do." Yet he has left money and personal property, valued at $2,000,000, to his *nephews* and *nieces*; for, *of course*, he had no direct heirs. Among the effects is a valuable library, rich in oriental lore, but only containing the works of novelist, and that one—Paul de Kock! In proof of his fondness for this unscrupulous Parisian, it is said that, when the former French Minister, M. de St. Aulaire, was presented, the Pope cut short his diplomatic harangue, by asking, "Did you leave Paris recently?" "Last week." "And tell me, come sta il Signor Paullo de Kock!" The Ambassador was thunderstruck; and the Pope, thinking probably that he did not understand Italian, repeated the question in French: "Comment se porte Monsieur Paul de Kock!" This time, he had an answer, and seemed highly gratified to learn that his favorite was enjoying good health. With the exception of Cardinal Lambruschini, I have not seen a single person shed a tear, since his death—a significant omen for those who seek

"To read a History in a Nation's eyes."

As Head of the Catholic Church, his reign has been marked by zealous proselytism; and he has directed the bark of St. Peter with a vigor which contrasts strongly with his private life and civil government. In Belgium, the priesthood have, by a revolution, gained a kingdom. Spain and Portugal, after bloody struggles, have returned under the Papal yoke. In France, by temporarily sacrificing the Jesuits, he conciliated the people, and the Church is rapidly gaining ground; and in Switzerland, the Romists came out of the bloody scenes of Lucerne triumphantly. The haughty Czar demanded pardon, in person, for his oppression of the Polish Catholics—the late King of Prussia was vanquished in the quarrel arising out of the imprisonment of the Bishop of Cologne—the anathemas launched by the disappointed Lamennais, fell powerless; and overtures have been made, by the successors of "Bluff Harry" on the throne of England, to form a concordat of peace and friendship. The ancient head of the Propaganda, he has sent its missionaries far and wide, reinstating the African bishopric over the grave of St. Louis, and carrying the doctrines of Rome East and West, until the emassaries, who left the Vatican, met in the Chinese Empire. The only secession has been that headed by Ronge, in Germany; while the accessions are shown by the fact that, during the sixteen years of his Pontificate, *forty* new bishoprics have been created, *sixteen* of which are in North America. His zeal for the increase of his Church in America was evinced by his readiness to receive our citizens—and most ridiculous have been some of the interviews. At one, last winter, an Ex M. C., from New York city, and his wife thought it requisite to kneel and follow the example of the faithful, by kissing the cross on his slipper. The gentleman caught up a foot, and, after a most reverential smack, undertook to pass it to the lips of his lady, who was kneeling beside him; but, in so doing, nearly overturned the Pope, who drew back his foot exclaiming — "*basta, basta,*" enough, enough.] The New Yorker sprang up with as much celerity as his prototype *rose from the ashes!*

As monarch of the Papal States, his partizans endeavor to excuse his many faults by saying, that owing to his modesty he was overruled by the cardinals; but history will charge him with gross misgovernment and bigoted cruelty. No sooner was he seated on the throne than the occupation of Ancona, by the French, extorted from him a promise of reform and progress. How has he fulfilled it? The answer will be found in his invitation to Austrian bayonets, under Jesuitical influence, to enforce his despotic laws—in the taxes which have oppressed his subjects—in his encyclical letter, which destroyed the liberty of the press—in his opposition to free-masonry—in the maintenance of the Inquisition—and in the pertinacity with which, *obstinate in wrong*, he has clung to the antiquated prejudices which clog the advancement of society. In no other civilized nation are the people so ignorant—no other civilized nation is without a mile of railroad.

As soon as his death was announced to Riaro Sforza, the Cardinal Camerlingue, that functionary proceeded to the Quirinal palace, and raising the white veil with which the face of the deceased Pontiff had been covered, struck three blows on the forehead with a small silver mallet, calling him by his christian name after each blow. He then announced from the window, "*Il Papa è realmente morto,*" (the Pope is really dead,) and broke the *fisherman's ring* and great seal of state, while the tolling of the great bell at the capitol was echoed until night by all the church bells in the city. The body was then embalmed clothed in the pontificial robes of state and taken to the Sextine Chapel, on a litter borne by white mules, escorted by a long procession of soldiers, priests, choristers, and monks carrying lighted candles. The next evening his heart was carried in a vase to the church of St. Vincent, and yesterday the body was placed in the chapel of St. Sacrament, in the basillica of St. Peter. It is seated on a throne, with the feet projecting through a railing, so that the people as they pass can kiss them. The funeral ceremonies called *Novem Diali*, have commenced and at the expiration of the nine days the corpse will be placed in a coffin and carried on a bier to the entrance in the vaults, where he will remain till the death of another Pope furnishes an occupant for the bier, and consigns him to his last resting place.

The College of Cardinals assembled this morning, and were addressed by Cardinal Micara, who, in a long discourse, reflected severely upon the politics of the deceased Pope, and exhorted his colleagues to choose a successor who would efface his memory. The full number of the college is 70, but at present there are only 63 of which 32 are citizens of the Papal States, 7 of Austrian Lombardy, 2 of Austria, 7 of Sardinia, 6 of Naples, 3 of France, 2 of Tuscany, and 1 of Spain, Portugal, England, and Belgium. The oldest is 86 years of age, and youngest 36. They wear as a mourning garb, a violet silk cassock, with a belt of the same color, having tassels of gold, violet stockings and skull-cap—which when they are not in mourning are red instead of violet; and the pectoral cross is suspended by a gold chain round their neck. On the evening of the 11th they will enter into conclave for the election, proceeding to the hall in procession, chanting the *Veni Creator*. When all are in, the doors will be closed, not to be opened until after the election is over. The canvassing will probably occupy several weeks, although the disturbed state of the country renders it advisable to hasten as much as possible. The provisions of the cardinals are sent to them meanwhile from their houses, and searched to see that they have no communication with any one without. To be elected, the candidate must have two-thirds of the votes not counting his own.

The candidate who has most chances of success is Cardinal Fransoni, President of the College of the Propaganda, and a Jesuit. He was born at Genoa, in 1775, and is said to be a man of ability and erudition; but many think that on account of his Jesuitical principles France will veto his election, if he receives a majority of votes. He is very tall, spare and bald, is said to pass six hours every day in prayer, and has for some years been called the *Cardinal Papegiante* at Rome. Cardinal Castracane, born at Urbino, in 1779, is called the French candidate, and his election would probably be opposed by the Jesuit-ruled Austrians, as he is no friend to that order; he is said to entertain opinions, both in religion and politics, much more advanced and much more in conformity with the present enlightened age than are generally to be found among the Cardinals. Cardinal Acton, a son of Sir Thomas Acton, of England, and fellow of Cambridge, occupies a high position at Rome, and it is not unlikely that he may be elected, by way of quieting both France and Austria; he is 44 years of age, a man of profound learning, as well as estimable character, and if Pope, might succeed in concluding a concordat with Great Britain. Cardinals Orioli and Micara are also spokon of, but the first is a protege of Napoleon, and Micara, though his liberal principles would render him popular among the Roman populace, will find his humble origin a great obstacle. The Italian Cardinals, who compose a large majority of the College, are very aristocratic, and as most of them are of families numbering an infinity of quarterings in their arms, they can never submit to having a plebian placed over them, whose father had no coat of arms, if he had any other coat.

* * * * * *

I am, respectfully, your servant, E. V. N.

SONG OF THE SEASONS; composed for the Floral Procession and dedicated to the Pupils of Warren Street Chapel. Words by a Mother. Music by a Friend of the Children.

A copy of this Song has been handed to us. We give the *words*, and would inform such of our readers as are disposed to try the music, that the piece can be obtained at Bradlee & Co's. 184 Washington street.

SPRING.

The touch of my wand as I quickly pass,
Calls forth the blades of the fresh green grass,
And the violet lifteth its mild blue eye
To welcome the breath of the west wind's sigh,
While the seed is scatter'd in hope and trust,
As beauty is springing from nature's dust.

SUMMER.

I wreathe Time's chariot wheels with flowers,
And fling perfume o'er the rosy hours,
While the butterfly sports in the noontide ray.
As the Thrush sings sweet on some leafy spray;
Now beauty and grace and gladness beam,
And all is bright as the young heart's dream.

AUTUMN.

There is plenty wherever my footsteps press,
The forest is decked in its gorgeous dress,
The fields rejoice in the waving corn,
While the reaper's song on the breeze is borne;
And from grateful hearts let thanks arise
To the bounteous Giver who rules the skies.

WINTER.

I bring the storm and the howling blast,
The feathery snow from my throne is cast;
Then the icicle hangs from the leafless tree,
And hushed is the music of bird and bee,
While the streamlet stilleth its song in fear
And congeals with fright when my step draws near.

INCREASING RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. By the last arrival from Turkey, the gratifying intelligence has been received that the Patriarch had been induced, through the interference of the Prussian and English Ambassadors, to change his policy towards dissenters, and to allow freedom of religious opinion and worship to all under his dominion.

Bible Circulation. The British and Foreign Bible Society, as appears from their last annual Report, have distributed by its agents in Holland, the past year, 76,515 copies, and in Germany, one agent alone, Dr. Pinchertон, has distributed 68,410 copies, and other agents report similar success. Dr. Pinchertон has held communication with the leaders of the German Catholic reform, urging the importance of free distribution, and in consequence of the encouragement received from them, he entrusted them with four thousand copies. In Switzerland, several thousand copies have been sold with almost incredible rapidity, chiefly to the lower classes. At Stockholm, the Society had issued 28,054 copies. In Ireland, 30,000 copies had been granted to the Hibernian Society, and 68,000 to the Sunday School Society; besides grants to several other Irish Societies.

The entire issues of the British and Foreign Societies the past year have been 1,144,651; nearly half a million more than in any previous year, making the total issues from the commencement, 18,324,487 copies.

In France, says the Report, great success has attended the efforts to spread the Word of God.

In British India a new auxiliary had been formed, called the Northern India Bible Society, comprising those provinces which were the scene of the late military operations in India.

The Distinguished Dramatic Writer, Sheridan Knowles, says the Liverpool Chronicle, has become a devout convert to evangelical religion, performing its duties fervently morning and evening in his household. Mr. Knowles has abandoned writing for the stage.

Large Bequests. The London Record announces the recent bequest of $108,000 to six different benevolent societies in England, by John Scott, Esq., deceased. [Atlas.

SECULAR INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT FIRE AT NANTUCKET. We have received the following melancholy intelligence, in a slip from the "Warder" office.

NANTUCKET, Tuesday, July 14, 1-4 to 8 A. M.

It becomes our melancholy duty to accord one of the most calamitous fires that ever happened in this place. We have had an awful night. The fire is still raging and God knows when it will end. At eleven o'clock last evening our inhabitants were aroused with the appalling cry of fire, and it was soon discovered that the store occupied by E. G. Kelley was in flames with it. The flames spread with such rapidity as to baffle every exertion to repress them—expedient of blowing up houses was resorted to as the only means to arrest the conflagration—but it would seem with little success. More than twenty buildings are thus destroyed, and indeed many more would have been demolished but that all the powder in the place was consumed. The town presents a scene of devastation that language cannot describe. The whole square of buildings bounded by Main, Centre, Broad and Federal Sts., is in ruins, and nearly all the buildings opposite those which formed the Square. Trinity church is now in flames. All the buildings on N. Water street as far as Aaron Mitchell's (inclusive,) all the buildings on Main street from G. H. Riddell's to Straight wharf. On Union street as far as the building occupied by the Town officers (inclusive.) Washington street as far as Capt. J. H. Pease's (inclusive.) Dr. Ruggles' house, on Orange street was blown up; and arrested the flames at that point.

The aggregate loss is at present incalculable.—Many rumors are afloat of injury received by divers individuals, but they are so vague, and the whole town is in such confusion that it is utterly impossible to arrive at the truth. We are this moment told that no one has been seriously hurt. The Inquirer and Mirror printing offices are both destroyed.

THE HEAT OF THE WEATHER, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday last, was very oppressive, the mercury in thermometers ranging from 100 degrees downward according to position. On Friday night, the heat continued with so little abatement that sleep was almost unattainable. The Boston Daily Advertiser says, Friday night was the hottest night in Boston for 28 years. On Saturday and Sunday there was considerable rain and thunder, after which a cool northwester set in, with a bracing and invigorating reduction of temperature.

In such weather as that of Friday and Saturday, persons employed at labor in the sun are exposed to great danger. In Salem on Friday, Mr. Edward Melcher, carpenter, from the effect of drinking cold water when overheated, had a severe attack of illness, which endangered his life; and we learn from the Register, that an Irish laborer, named Timothy Hayes, about 23 years of age, died on Saturday evening, from the effects of drinking cold water while heated. He had been at work on the wharves, and was cautioned against drinking, but persisted, and dropped down in the street before reaching his home, and died soon after he was conveyed there. He is said to have been a young man of good character and temperate habits.

Some laborers, who were at work near the Neponset Hotel, at Dorchester, on Saturday, went to the well of the hotel, and taking a bucket of water, drank freely from it. The last one who drank, however, had hardly put down the bucket, when he was seized with convulsions, and expired in a few minutes.

A man named Timothy Dempsey, while engaged in wheeling coal in Boston, on Friday, was suddenly struck down by the burning rays of the sun. He was immediately conveyed to his house in Kneeland street, where, after some delay, he was bled by a physician, but died soon after the operation.

At New York, several persons employed upon buildings, fell from their work and were carried away; and three or four sun struck men died from the effects of the heat.

The New York Herald states that Coroner's Inquests were held upon the bodies of *twenty-one* persons who died from the excessive heat of Friday and Saturday.

FRENCH CANADIANS AND THE BIBLE.—From the *Canadien* we learn that the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec has recently ordered the issue of a French edition of the New Testament, "for the promotion of intelligence among the people." It forms, it appears, "an octavo volume of 750 pages, and contains, besides the text, the commentary of *le Pere de Carries*, with notes, explanatory, moral, and dogmatic." [Montreal Herald.

CINCINNATI STRAWBERRY MARKET. The source whence the strawberries, for this market, are drawn is the banks of the Licking River, chiefly. The strawberry patches, as they are termed, commence at about a mile and a half from the mouth of the Licking, and extend up to the "Sixth Mile Ripple," near Lock No. 2, an all about 108 acres.—There are also in different parts of Campbell, Kenton and Boone counties, Kentucky, not less than thirty acres devoted to the culture of this delicious fruit, all of which is brought to this market. The proprietors of these Patches pay two to three cents per box of two quarts for picking, and board the hands. Men, women, and children, are thus employed, and earn from 37 1-2 to $1,25 per day. This has been a favorable season for the strawberry, and the average yield is estimated at fifty bushels per acre. The total number of acres under culture in Kentucky, opposite this city, being, as above, 138, will give 6900 bushels, or 220,800 quarts of strawberries, brought to the Cincinnati, Newport and Covington markets, from three counties in Kentucky. There are also some twenty or thirty acres on this side of the Ohio, devoted to the culture of the finer and larger varieties of this fruit, not taken into the above account.

The following incidents are from the correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune.

MATAMOROS, June 12.

The hospitals containing the wounded Mexicans, whom Arista left without the least means of support, present scenes of distress that can scarcely be described. Captain McCanet politely conducted me through several large buildings that are filled with these wretched creatures, now left to the charity of our army. The first man I saw was a half-breed Mexican, about forty years old, with a pleasing, good humored countenance, walking about with both arms shot off, half way between the shoulder and elbow. His cheerful countenance and civil deportment won upon our feelings, and we—two or three young officers were along—contributed sufficient to ensure the poor fellow comforts for a week. No sooner did the wretches around perceive these marks of compassion than most of them held out their hands for alms—some pointing to their stumps of arms and legs, and others, who did not seem to suffer much, were making wry faces, expressive of more pain than they could possibly endure—the rascals laughed as soon as our backs were turned. We visited between one and two hundred of the wounded, and found them in every possible condition. Two of the number were drawing their last breath, being unconscious of pain and reduced to mere skeletons. Others, say twenty of those we saw, were past all hope, mortification in its worst and most disgusting forms having taken place. These fellows were lying there, perfectly conscious of their fate, waiting without a groan or murmur the hour of their dissolution. One man, who had lost a leg and was evidently suffering severely, was attended by a little girl about four years old. When we approached them the little creature was lying upon an old cloak, with her head resting upon as plump and pretty a little hand as ever graced an angel. She was sleeping soundly; her sweet dimpled countenance, so innocent and lovely, contrasting strangely with that of the fierce-looking, dying father. Another man, whose leg was also gone, was attended by his daughter, a lovely Mexican girl of sixteen. I passed him several times, and always saw the beautiful creature by his side, like a true woman, doing all in her power to assuage his pain, and with a cross in her hand, which she would present now and then to his lips, appeared directing his thoughts to another world. Most of the badly wounded had the cross and a picture of the Virgin by their side, and many were attended by their wives and daughters.

ANECDOTES ABOUT "OLD ROUGH AND READY" are all the fashion. Allow me to add one "from the highest authority." Marcy, it is said complained to Taylor, "that his despatches were not sufficiently in detail;" to which the old General replied "that he was sorry for it—that he put into them *all he had to say!*" [Spirit of the Times.

WATER IN PARIS. In Paris the well-water is poor. Its artificial supply is splendid, and dates from the age of the Roman power, some remains of the acqueducts of that time being still visible in the Rue de la Harpe.

The city is now supplied by four aqueducts and one artesian well. The quantity is estimated at 5500 "pouces fontaniers," equal to 26 gallons of our measure to each inhabitant every twenty-four hours, besides what is used in the public establishments.

The Artesian well of Grenelle, above mentioned, is an astonishing result of enterprise and perseverance. The labor was commenced on 1st of January, 1834, and was finished on 26th of February, 1841, piercing a depth of 1798 feet, often interrupted by difficulties that threatened to be insurmountable. The quantity of water equals 581 gallons per minute and is of good quality.

The favorite water is taken from the middle of the Seine, before the Maine mingles with it, and is filtered before being distributed. But as the entire basin of Paris is formed of chalk or limestone, none of the water can compare with that of the Croton or Jamaica Pond.

It is used with great liberality. Enough is open to the public gratuitously for all necessary purposes, and it is left flowing as often and as long as is required for washing the streets. At certain fountains it is sold; it is conveyed to the great bathing establishments and into private houses, at the expense of the proprietors. But this last mode is not very generally adopted. The manner of living in Paris has rendered it convenient to have it brought in buckets by the water carriers, a curious and original class of men, having their own dialect, almost unintelligible to any one else, numbering some thousands, each having his own beat and receiving in the whole, according to a printed estimate, about eight hundred thousand dollars per annum. The city receipts from the sale of water is fr. 750,000. No objects are more beautiful than the city fountains. Those on the Place de la Concord, the Champs Elysees, the Chateau d'Eau and the fountain of Moliere, are works of art most magnificent and enchanting. There are others of a humbler character, whose utility is more than a compensation for their want of elegance.

In this city and every where in Europe the soft water is thrown into large basins round which the laborious washing-women are constantly assembled at their daily task. When the river permits, large establishments are erected upon it for their convenience, and on the Seine and the Rhone at Geneva, hundreds are constantly engaged in this useful occupation. They generally pay a small tax, five or ten sous per day, for the privilege, not because the amount is an object of revenue, but in conformity to a general notion that what is had for nothing is apt to be thought worth nothing. There is no fire used or required. The amount of good thus done to this hard working class is almost inconceivable, and may well be imitated. Those who knew Boston at the close of the last century, when all the space between Beacon Hill southwestward to Charles River was unoccupied, may recollect that the abundant springs running from those high lands were the resort of the washing women, who whitened their garments in the water, and dried them in the sun. Public baths are everywhere supplied in Paris by this prodigality of water. But while the affluent indulge in any desirable luxury at "*les baten's Chinois*," and similar establishments, the government has provided this essential means of cleanliness and health, in public buildings, amply supplied with every convenience, for four sous—an appropriation of its revenue which unites the advantages of a most useful charity, with a wise forethought against the danger of infection.

The water-carriers and the washing-women have a fete day, on which occasion their places of business are gaily decorated with flags and flowers; and no gentleman, who values a clean shirt, ventures then to walk the Boulevards without a bunch of violets at his button-hole in honor of their patron Saint.

I know not who this Saint is, but whoever first bestowed this great service of Baths and Washing houses on the laboring poor richly deserves the honors of canonization.

MALLEABLE GLASS. "The Mercure Segusien speaks of a marvellous invention which has come to light within the walls of Saint Etienne—the production of a sort of glass as malleable when cold as while red hot. The Moniteur des Arts says, in reporting it:—'This new metal, which ere long, will be of more value than gold, and which the inventor has called Silicon, is of a white color, very sonorous, and as brilliant and transparent as crystal. It can be obtained, with equal ease, opaque or colored; combines with various substances, and some of these combinations produce shades of extraordinary beauty. It is without smell—very ductile, very malleable, and neither air nor acids effect it. It can be blown like glass, melted, or stretched out into long threads of perfect regularity. It is hard, very tough, and possesses the qualities of molten steel in the very highest degree, without requiring to be tempered by the existing process, which, as it is well known, offers no certainty—while the result of the new method is sure." * * *

A variety of objects have been manufactured with this silicon, which are about to be submitted to public exhibition on the place of the Hotel de Ville, at Saint Etienne.

LAYING CORNER STONE. The corner stone of a new Jewish Synagogue in Wooster street, between Prince and Spring streets, was laid yesterday afternoon with the usual ceremonies. The preliminary services were had at 67 Franklin street, and from thence a procession was formed which arrived upon the site of the new house of worship about 5 P. M. Arriving upon the ground, an ode was sung and the other rites necessary to the occasion performed by the Rev. S. M. Isaacs, assisted by the trustees, when the corner stone was laid with the solemn and imposing services of the Jewish faith. The Rev. gentleman first deposited in a lead box the names of the Trustees and pew holders, and that of the architect; also a Hebrew Bible and prayer book, together with a copy of the several Jewish publications in various portions of the globe, with a number of other articles. The box was then closed and placed on its receptacle, the whole being covered with a massive free stone slab, upon which was an inscription in Hebrew. An address was then pronounced by the Rev. Mr. Isaacs from the *first volume of Samuel* —7: 12. Our position was such that we could not hear the words of the text chosen by the reverend speaker, but the corresponding verse of the English Bible seeming so appropriate, we give it below:

"Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying; Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

The address was a highly meritorious and liberal production, evidently emanating from a heart fraught with noble and charitable sentiment, and was listened to with extreme attention by a large concourse of people of all denominations. At the conclusion another ode was given, and the assembly dispersed. The building is to be called the "Synagogue of the Gates of Prayer;" it is to be built of free stone, neatly finished, and will present a front of fifty feet, with a depth of eighty five. The cost is estimated at $20,000. [N. Y. News.

NURSERY OF FOREIGN MISSIONS. According to the last Reports of the two Societies, of the 380 ordained Missionaries and male assistants, sent out by the *American Board of Commissioners*, upwards of one fifth have gone from Massachusetts; and of the $4,042,466 contributed to the Board, upwards of one quarter of the whole, or about $1,000,000, has been given in the same State. Of the 257 Foreign Missionaries and Assistants, appointed by the *American Baptist Board*, 66, or upwards of one quarter of the whole, have also gone from Massachusetts; and of the contributions to this Board, amounting to about $900,000, the same State has given about one fifth. And Massachusetts is perhaps not behind any other State on the globe in *home* improvements and prosperity.

NEW YORK CITY, as appears from its Directory, just issued, has 215 Churches, 91 Newspapers, and 57 other Periodicals.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND. The Moderator of the General Assembly of this Church, in opening the last meeting of the Assembly, said:—The principles of our Free Church are germinating in England, in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, and in France more especially. One great Free Presbyterian Church appears rising in the distance, to comprise the French-speaking population of Europe.

☞ TEMPERANCE ON SUNDAY AT 5½ P. M. At the Church in Brattle Square, on Sunday next, the Rev B. Frost, of Concord, will present the subject to this community in a manner claiming attention, and which it is believed will do good at a particular state of the Temperance Reform.

M. GRANT, Pres. B. T. A. Soc'y.
F. R. WOODWARD, Sec'y. jy18

☞ TEACHERS' SOCIAL UNION. There will be a meeting of the Union on Monday evening next, July 20th, at the Chapel of the Church of the Savior, at 8 o'clock.

Question—What is the duty of the Teachers of this Union in regard to the neglected children of foreign and vicious parents? T. GAFFIELD, Sec'y.
jy18

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Thursday, by Rev Dr Vinton, Mr Francis W. Sayles to Miss Jane H., daughter of Hon B. F. Hallett.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr Almon S. Morse to Miss Betsey Humphrey.

By Rev Mr Woart, Mr John Morrow to Miss Elizabeth Crosby.

7th inst, by Rev Dr Vinton, Mr Fred'k Perkins to Miss Ann R. Spear.

12th inst, by Rev Mr Adams, Mr Elbridge G. Choate to Miss Martha C. Kincaid.

In Taunton, 7th inst, by Rev Mr Brigham, Mr Obed Baker to Miss Sally A. Wetherell.

In Raynham, Mr John Tilden of North Bridgewater, to Mrs Mary Ann W. Holmes, daughter of Mr Daniel Dean, late of R.

In West Cambridge, 2d inst, by Rev Mr Ballou, Mr William A. Putnam to Miss Mary Ann Smith.

In Hingham, 12th inst, by Rev Mr Lovell, Mr Richard H. Spooner of Boston, to Miss Mary R. daughter of Mr Leavitt Tower of H.

In Providence, 8th inst, Capt Ansel B. Pope of Sandwich, to Miss Mary Ann Richmond, of P.

In Newmarket, N. H. 4th inst, by Rev Mr Pond, Mr Levi Walbridge of Boston, to Miss Isabel C. Lovering of N.

In Marshfield, 9th inst, Mr E. L. Adams of Boston, to Miss Olive, daughter of the late L. Little, Esq, of M.

In Haverhill, N. H. 8th inst, by Rev Mr Delano, Mr William R. Hooper of Boston, to Miss Martha, daughter of the late J. Nelson, Esq. of H.

In Worcester, 1st inst, by Rev Mr Miller, Mr Luther Hosmer, Jr. to Miss Nancy J. Hall.

In North Andover, Mr Gilman P. Foss, to Miss Catherine P. daughter of Mr James B. Taylor, formerly of Amesbury Mills.

In Georgetown, on Thursday evening, 9th inst, by Jeremiah Russell, Esq. Mr Sewall S. Kent of Georgetown, to Miss Susan W. Gage of Haverhill.

In Chelsea, by Rev Mr Olmstead, Mr William Williams, of New London, Ct. to Miss H. P. Bosson, of C.

DEATHS.

In this city 14th inst, Mary, youngest daughter of James and Ann McLaughlin, 19 months.

In this city, 13th inst, of consumption, C. J. Howland, Esq. senior editor and associate proprietor of the Boston Daily Bee, in the 32d year of his age.

14th inst, Edith, only daughter of James L. and Louisa J. Fowler, 2½ yrs.

On Sunday, of apoplexy, John F. Priest, Esq. 60.

In Charlestown, 14th inst, Mrs Harriet, wife of Mr Austin Gleason, 34; Miss Dorcas Crosby, 35.

12th inst, Isaac T. son of Edward and Lydia Hooper, 22.

In Somerville, 13th inst, Susan Maria, daughter of Horace and Hannah Chick, 18 mos.

In Dedham, Mr Miles Sprague of Watertown, 84.

In South Reading, 7th inst, Bill Richardson, 62, for many years a citizen of Boston, and in 1833 a member of the common council, 62.

In Jamaica Plain, 13th inst, John Collinson, infant son of Henry K. and Anna C. Burgwyn, 1.

In North Danvers, 11th inst, Capt Joshua Preston, 63, late of Boston.

In Newburyport, 12th inst, Mrs Sarah, widow of the late Capt Ebenezer Stone, 64.

On Saturday, after a long and distressing illness, Mr. Stephen Greely, 23.

In West Springfield, 11th inst, Hon Samuel Lathrop, 75.

In Norton, 2d inst, very suddenly, Mr John Sweet, 78.

In Dedham, July 12th, Mr Miles Sprague, of Watertown, 84.

In Medford, 9th inst, of consumption, Daniel S., son of Geo. Fuller, 27.

In Waltham, 9th inst, Mrs Esther Brown, 8d.

In Cincinnati, June 21st, from an affection of the heart, Mr Elisha Brigham, 66. He was for many years a resident of this city. Many will long cherish his memory, as a most upright, worthy and intelligent merchant, a benevolent and kind friend, an exemplary and excellent man.

LIVERMORE'S NEW BOOK. Lectures to Young Men, on their Moral Dangers and Duties, by Abiel Abbot Livermore; 1 vol 16mo.

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. jy18

TEACHERS CLASS FOR 1846. The fourth annual Class for Teachers, and others interested in the cultivation of Vocal and Instrumental Music, and the diffusion of a correct knowledge of the legitimate principles, will meet at the Melodeon in Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, the 25th of August, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Lectures will be given on the following subjects: The best method of teaching classes the Science of Music; The Art of Singing; Chanting Psalms; Recitatives; also, Instruction in the use of the principal instruments embraced in a full orchestra.

The Class will be in session ten days. Terms: Gentlemen, five dollars. Ladies are respectfully invited, free of charge, as also members of former classes.

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DR. C. SOULE CARTEE'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, in Charlestown, Mass.

This is a Private Institution, resting on the individual responsibility of the Principal; and, though consisting chiefly of day pupils resident in this town and Boston, a few young ladies from abroad board in the family, and are under the united care of Dr. C. and his Lady. The course of instruction embraces *all branches* usually taught in Female Seminaries.

The *next Term* will commence on Monday, the 7th of September, and continue 15 weeks. Circulars will be addressed to those who may desire more particular information.

REFERENCES. Drs. A. R. Thompson and W. J. Walker, Rev. Messrs George E. Ellis, Wm. Ives Buddington and E. H. Chapin, Charlestown; George B. Emerson and George S. Hillard, Esqs., Boston; Rev. F. A. Farley, Brooklyn, N. Y. and Rev. Dr. Wayland, Providence. 5tis jy11

NO. 227 TRACT OF THE A. U. A. The Twenty-first Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 26, 1846. Price 6 cents.

☞ This Report contains an account of the Receipts and Expentures of the A. U. A., for the past year—a list of the Officers and Life Members—and a Catalogue of all the publications of the Association, with the prices affixed.

Published by WM. CROSBY & H. P. NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. 3t jy11

WANTED, to supply files, a few copies of the Christian Register of June 6th. Subscribers who have no further use for that number will do the publisher a favor by sending it, by mail, or otherwise, addressed to "Christian Register, Boston." jy11

DR. LAMSON'S CONVENTION SERMON.—CONGREGATIONALISM, a Discourse delivered before the Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers, Boston, May 28, 1846, by Alvan Lamson.

Published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & H. P. NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. 3t jy11

NEW WORK ON VENTILATION. This day published: A Practical Treatise on Ventilation, by Morrill Wyman, M. D.—Contents: Introduction; Vitiated Air: On Preventing and Removing Impurities of the Air; Movements induced in atmospheric air by Heat, and of the Principles of Ventilation; Moving Power for Ventilation; Quantity of Air required for Ventilation; Of the Ventilation of Public Buildings; Ventilation of Prisons and Hospitals; Ventilation of Dwelling Houses; Ventilation of Ships; Anatomical Rooms; Chimney Tops, Turn Caps and Ventilators; Drainage; Appendix—1 vol 12mo, pp 436, with 80 cuts.

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PORTRAIT OF REV DR GREENWOOD. The subscribers having purchased the copyright and copperplate of the beautiful likeness of Rev Dr Greenwood, have had a new edition struck off which is offered at the very low price of one dollar per copy.

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GROVE'S GREEK AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY. A few copies of this Dictionary for sale at the Christian Register Office. e27

MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE. Contents of July No:—

The Anniversary Week of 1846;
Niagara and the White Hills;
Impressions of American Scenery—being Fragments of a fragmentary Sermon;
Death and the Resurrection;
The Book of Jonah;
Nature Symbolical;
The Prodigal's Return—a Sermon, by Rev John Weiss.
"The Chimes," by Dickens;
Feast Days and Fast Days.

INTELLIGENCE.

Ordination at Southington, Conn;
Church of the Savior;
Anniversaries in Boston for 1846—continued;
American Peace Society;
Prison Discipline Society;
Book and Pamphlet Society;
Massachusetts Convention of Congregational Ministers;
Morning Conference Meetings of Unitarian Christians;
Sunday School Society;
Foreign Intelligence.

This Work is intended to furnish Religious reading of a popular kind. It contains very little that is controversial or doctrinal, in its character, and aims chiefly at illustrating the responsibilities and privileges of the Christian Life. Each number contains a Sermon from some minister of the Unitarian denomination, and a great variety of articles of a moral and religious character, Religious Intelligence, &c.

It is Edited by Rev F. D. Huntington of Boston; among the contributors are the principal Clergymen of the denomination, also several laymen and female writers, well known for their

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

MR. EDITOR: The following lines were written after hearing the Hutchinsons sing at Peterborough, N. H., just before their departure for Liverpool, in the summer of 1845. It is proper to make this statement, in offering them for your paper, lest any should think there was in them an imitation of Mrs. Howitt's address "To the Hutchinson Family." The fact is as above stated. I had a copy soon after they were written, and intended to send it to the Register—but it was mislaid. Having recovered it, I forward it to you, trusting that those who have heard and loved the music of these Granite State minstrels will be glad to see this tribute to their power of song. L.

TO THE HUTCHINSONS.

BY MISS L. A. FISKE, DUBLIN, N. H.

Mountain minstrels, sweetest singers,
Softly float your warbled strains;—
Still the sound about me lingers,
Still the melody remains.

Did ye seek your inspiration,
'Mid your native rock-bound hills?
Were the birds your free instructors?
Did ye learn of murm'ring rills?

Oh, how soft, how sweet they floated,
Those deep, rich and bird-like tones!
Now exulting,—quickly changing,
Breathing sorrow's saddest moans.

Oh, ye make me think of angels,
Turning harps in heaven above,
In those high and holy places,
Breathing harmony and love.

Thank the Father for his mercies,
For to you the boon is given
Richest blessings round to scatter,
Making earth seem more like heaven.

Oh, may life pass sweetly o'er you,
Like a cloudless summer day,—
Like the strains of your sweet music,
May it glide in peace away.

[For the Register.]

COMMUNION HYMN.

Gracious Master! Blessed Lord!
As we bow before thy shrine
Shed thy heavenly truth abroad,
Touch our hearts with love divine.

Here, where floats the breath of heaven,
Soothing every care to rest,
Easy is the service given
From each fond believer's breast.

But too oft with siren power
Earth allures us to its sway;
In this hushed and holy hour,
Whispering, we thy voice obey.

From the world's engrossing cares
Raise our holier love to thee—
From temptation's hidden snares,
Gentle Master! set us free.

Light, and truth, and peace impart,
Strength to suffer, serve and love;
Purify the wavering heart,
By the wisdom from above.

Lead us to thy home of bliss
Radiant with celestial day;
Sanctify the griefs of this,
Thou, the Life! the truth! the way!

Keene. Y. L. E.

THE LYRIC OF LIFE.

THE FATHER IS COMING—BY MARY HOWITT.

The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on!
The wild night-wind is blowing cold,
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold, not he,
His heart it is so warm;
For father's heart is stout and true
As ever human bosom knew!

He makes all toil, all hardship, light;—
Would all men were the same,
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
—Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear!

—Stay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain;
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful fire-light through the dark.

And we'll do all that father likes!
His wishes are so few—
Would they were more! that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way!

—I know he's coming by this sign
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares,
Heaven bless the merry child!
His father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him!

Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps now—
He's through the garden gate;
Run little Bess and ope the door,
And do not let him wait!
Shout, baby, shout! and clasp thy hands,
For father on the threshold stands.

[People's Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

The following sketch of this family, well known for their taste and talent as singers, is written by William Howitt, the English author. It is an attractive tale of real life;—

"At the moment when ill-will and discord seemed about to be fomented between the Old and New World, four young Americans have come before us like heralds of peace and good fellowship. They have been cordially welcomed in England, as all advocates of human advancement ought ever to be; and it is not saying too much when we assert that they have done their part towards strengthening in the public mind a spirit of forbearance and peace. The Hutchinson Family are exactly what Americans—the children of a young, bold republic—ought to be; full of fresh, original character; free from conventionalities, whether of society or of opinion; vigorous in intellect, ardent in spirit; and combining, with all the simplicity and tenderness of the child, the wisdom and expansive views of the man. Their singing is a perfect illustration of their own nature and character, deriving its great power and its greatest charm from the absence of all art. It owes nothing to trick or artifice of any kind; every word is distinctly enunciated, and the true, natural expression is given to every sentiment; and the listener feels that, while the most exquisite and pure taste and skill are employed, that which really charms him most is a revelation of the singer's own lofty and unspoiled nature, and that it is great and effective, because it is the expression of truth.

The character of their music is peculiar and original—not exactly resembling either the part-songs of the Germans, or our English glees, which are much more artistically constructed. There is a charming nationality about it, and a spirit of psalmody which is easily explained, when the peculiarities of their life and training are understood. Many of the pieces they sing are not *songs*, in the ordinary sense of the word, but poems of a high order; as, for instance, Longfellow's Excelsior, Hood's Bridge of Sighs, and Pauper's Funeral, Tennyson's May Queen, &c. Their voices, which are soprano, counter-tenor, tenor and bass, are extremely fine and well trained, and, besides the effect of long practice in singing together, have that beautiful affinity which belongs to family voices, and which renders the whole so exquisitely harmonious.

These interesting young people belong peculiarly to the present age, and their songs bear upon the questions agitated at this time, whether in the old or new world—peace, temperance, the abolition of slavery, the cause of the poor and the oppressed—which are all advocated by eloquent strains of music, appealing to the inmost heart. Some people think that, in this working-day world of ours, music has little to do with topics so grave as these, and that its principal business is to enliven our hearts and dispel our care; and, for such as these, the Hutchinsons have an infinite variety of comic and national songs, full of fun and humor, and and as fresh as life in the Far West.

At the head of this article we have given a sketch of these charming singers, as they appear before the public; and we flatter ourselves that a little memoir, obtained from authentic sources, will not be unacceptable, either to those who have seen them, or those who have not.

Judson, John, Asa, and Abby, are the four youngest of the twelve now living, out of sixteen children of the Hutchinson Family. Their maternal grandfather, by name Leavett, lived in Mount Vernon, in New Hampshire, and was a builder by trade. He built many houses in Boston, but he most prided himself upon being the builder of many churches and meeting-houses in divers towns and villages in the State. He was a stout republican, zealous in the cause of his native land, and one of the firmest supporters of her liberty against the aggressions of the mother country. In character he was deeply religious, and, being possessed of great natural musical talent, was extremely fond of psalmody and church music. His two youngest daughters, Sarah and Mary, inherited from him this gift in a still more remarkable manner; and their singing, in churches and meeting-houses, was celebrated far and wide. Nothing could be more simple and primitive than the life they led; they spun and wove their own and the family clothes; practised their songs over the wheel and the loom, and on Sundays or meeting-days sung in the church or the meeting-house. Mary was very beautiful, and had many lovers; but Sarah had the finer voice, and her skill in church-music was so great that she would take any part, and people came many miles to hear her sing. One day when she was from home, she went to sing in a church at some distance, and, being on a visit, was dressed somewhat differently to what she was when at home. Her father, however, happened to be at the same church, and was astonished by the beautiful voice of the singer, whom he saw, but did not recognize. "Who is that," he asked, turning to a neighbor, "who sings so like an angel!" "Do you not know your own daughter?" was the reply, which so much affected him that he could not help weeping.

Mary, also, when she was singing one day in a village choir, stole the heart of a young man from Amherst, in the same State. This was Jesse Hutchinson, the son of a farmer, a very religious man, and a deacon of the Presbyterian church. This youth, also, like her, had been from his boyhood remarkable for his musical talent. He had a brother also gifted like himself, and they, too, were celebrated through the whole country for their musical powers. But though their father was a rigid Presbyterian, and a deacon of the church, his sons were famed for the fun and merriment which they brought every where with them. They went with their violins from village to village, and wherever they went they were welcome, not only because of the gay and merry songs which they sung, but because their violins were a summons to a general dance, which always lasted till daybreak. From some cause or other, however, a great change came over his mind; he considered this life of gaiety to be sinful, and, regarding his violin as an incentive to it, cut the offending "merry bit of wood" in two, and made it up into tobacco boxes; and, from that time, permitted himself only to practice sacred music. It was soon after this change, and about four-and-forty years ago, when, in his best homespun suit, and his hair tied in a queue behind, with a black ribbon, and a broad beaver on his head, he presented himself to the beautiful young singer in the character of a lover. She was then not sixteen; too young to be married, she said, and was hard to persuade; her father, who thought very highly of the young man, who had borne a most excellent character, and who was come of so excellent a stock, pleaded for him; but she would not consent, and, leaving him in the parlor, she went to bed. He sat up alone all night in the room, and the next morning when she went in, there she found him; but she was still resolute, and he set off to Salem, thinking that time and absence might operate in his favor; and he was right. On his return she was glad to see him, and though still young, consented to be married. These were the parents of the Hutchinson Family, the "good old-fashioned singers," as the family-song says, "who still can make the air resound."

On his son's marriage, old Deacon Hutchinson gave up his house and farm to the young couple, and retired to a small house near them; and Sarah, whose voice and character were like those of an angel, went with her sister to her new home. A word or two must be permitted here on this most heavenly-minded young woman, who, being one that the gods loved, died young; and that principally because, though her life was so short, her spirit seemed always to be present in the family, exercising, as it were, a purifying and ennobling influence on all. She was one of those gifted creatures who seemed to be sent only to show how beautiful is youth, talent, and goodness; and who in departing leave a ray of glory behind them, ascending from earth to heaven. The children of the family who knew her, adored her; and those who were born after her death, from always having heard her spoken of, believed that they had known her. It often has seemed to the family as if her angelic voice was heard singing amongst them; a spirit-voice singing as no earthly voice ever sang,—and who shall deny that it is so?—The very idea is elevating and beautiful.

Jesse Hutchinson and his young wife were the first Baptists in Milford, and were the introducers of their peculiar religious opinions into the neighborhood: they frequently opened a large barn as a meeting-house, and endured no little persecution. In those days carriages were not used, excepting by the wealthy; and these excellent people, who had fourteen miles to go to their meeting-house, rode on horseback, in the old fashioned way of saddle and pillion, she often with a young child in her lap. The country round their home was hilly and woody, and of a peaceful, pleasant character; and their life within doors was singularly happy and united. It was a home of affection, comfort, and prosperity; and here fourteen children (thirteen of whom were sons,) were born. Sorrow, however, will enter, even the most blessed of earthly homes. The angelic-minded Sarah died, and so did the eldest child, when only six years old. This child, like all the rest of the family, had a wonderfully fine voice, and was remarkably beautiful. He was always up first in the morning, and was heard through the house singing like a lark. His death was very affecting. His father and uncle were at a saw-mill at some distance, where he was sent each day with their dinners. While they sat and ate, the little fellow amused himself by playing among the sawn boards which were reared up to dry: one day a sudden wind rose and blew down the boards upon him, which caused his death.

Years went on; the elder children grew up to man's estate, and the place was too straight for them; the parents and younger children, therefore, removed to one of the valleys below, on the bank of the Souhegan river, to a place called Burnham Farm; and thenceforth, the former family residence took the pleasant name of the Old Home Farm. At this new home the two younger children, Asa and Abby were born.

The father of the Hutchinsons has all his life been in principle a non-resistant, and has carried out his opinions so far into practice as never to sue a man for debt. He is an abolitionist, and a decided liberal in politics; and has, as might be expected, suffered greatly for the maintenance of his opinions. He is described by those who know him, as a man of noble and independent character, full of kindness, and remarkable for hospitality, even in a country where hospitality is not so rare a virtue as with us. But the guests that he most warmly welcomes are the poor and friendless; these he entertains bountifully, and then speeds on their way. From their mother, who likewise is a person of much boldness and decision of character, combined with great tenderness and affection, they learned singing as children: she had fine taste, as well as natural power: and afterwards the younger branches of the family were trained by two of the elder brothers, who devoted part of their time to this purpose.

It was with great reluctance that their father, notwithstanding his own musical talent, would consent to his children singing in public; accordingly, some years ago, he made a deed of gift to his sons of the Old Home Farm, on condition that they should all stay at home, cultivate it, and devote themselves to a quiet country life. Recollecting his own youth, and with all the old presbyterian horror of fiddling and profane music, he would not consent to money being spent on such vanities. The first violin in the family was Judson's; that very one on which he now accompanies himself so charmingly, in that sweetest and saddest of all pathetic songs, "The Emigrant's Lament," or which supplies such comic meaning to many a comic song, as "Down East," "Calomel," &c. To purchase this violin, Judson worked hard on the Old Home Farm, cultivating garden vegetables on his own account, until he had sufficient for his purpose. After this, of course another difficulty occurred, and this was to reconcile the father to it.

Before the violin was purchased, they sometimes, when at work in the corn-fields, supplied the want by a simple rustic instrument formed from the corn stalk, called in their country the corn-stalk fiddle; and Asa, who was always fond of the violincello, used to keep time in the village-choir on Sundays by rubbing his forehead against the back of the old wooden pew, by which he could produce somewhat the effect of that instrument. It may not be amiss to mention here that their vocal practice was mostly in the fields—"the happiest place on earth," as one of them said, "to sing in, excepting when in an evening they returned from the fields, and all joined in one chorus—father, mother, sisters, and brothers—in singing some good old-fashioned tunes, which they had heard from infancy, which are ever new, and never to be forgotten,"—But to return to the violin, for which Judson worked so hard.

He practised on his violin secretly, and in the meantime John also possessed himself of one. Whether the one emboldened the other or not we cannot say, but it so happened that one day the two brothers played "Washington's March" within their father's hearing, though at that time unknown to them. To their great astonishment, but to their infinite relief he made no objection to the violins, which now came forth into open day-light, and his consent was soon after obtained to their devoting themselves to their art. They now organized their little community into bands; four of whom were always to remain at home to work on the farm, whilst the others were out on their musical tours. They commenced singing in public in 1841. At this very time, besides the four in England, another quartette—Joshua, Caleb, Zephaniah, and Rhoda, are travelling in America. It has been beautifully and appropriately said of this interesting family, that they have one quartette in Heaven, one in the Old World, one in the New, and one remaining to work on the Old Home Farm. The necessity, however, that seemed to be for a fifth brother to accompany the quartette to England, to take the management of the business department, has left, at this moment, but three on the farm; and in speaking of those in England, we must not omit to mention this fifth brother, Jesse, of whom the public know nothing. He is considered by the quartette themselves as superior to them in talent, and is also the author of several songs which they have made familiar to the public; for instance, "Get off the Track," "The Slave's Appeal," "The Old Granite State," &c. Like all the rest of the family, he has his own individual calling at home, and is by trade a printer. The whole family are extremely attached to this brother, and it has been beautifully said by some of them, when speaking of him—"When Jesse comes into the house, it is as if he brought fresh breezes from the hills with him." This is delightful also, and gives a charming idea of the family spirit:—"As soon as he was seen, while yet but a printer's apprentice, coming towards his home on a Saturday night, by the little foot-path that crosses the hills, all would set up a shout of joy—even the very dog barked for joy of his coming: or when his voice was heard, singing as he came near, the sound thrilled to every heart!" There is, it is said, an extraordinary enthusiasm about him which carries all hearts along with him; and at Temperance and Anti-Slavery meetings in his native country, his eloquence and force of character are irresistible.

Our readers are acquainted with the beautiful and pious custom of the Thanksgiving-day, which, originating with the Puritans, in celebration of the arrival of the Pilgrim Fathers in a land of liberty and peace, is now become as much a social as a national festival. The American farmer holds his Thanksgiving day at the close of the harvest, when he has enriched himself with the bounty of the year, and his heart naturally overflows with gratitude to the Giver of all good. Happy families celebrate it, perhaps on some special day of domestic blessing, when all their members meet to rejoice together. In the Hutchinson Family this festival is held in December, on the birth-day of the old grandfather Leavett, now turned ninety, when four generations assembled around him, to the number, on the last occasion, of forty-four persons. This last general meeting of the family was, however, one of deep sorrow, and removing one beloved brother from earth, completed the quartette in Heaven.

The four younger members of the family returned home from a tour of five hundred miles, to celebrate the annual day of rejoicing, and found their brother Benjamin, a young man nobly gifted like themselves, slightly unwell.—Serious symptoms succeeded, and the greatest alarm spread through the family; it was typhus fever; and from the first he foretold his death. Before many days, the sister's husband sickened of the same complaint, and terror and dismay fell on the whole house. One day Benjamin heard the dinner-bell ring, and said, "Let me rise and make myself ready, for that bell is for the Thanksgiving-dinner. Are they all come!" "When you are better," replied one of his brothers, "we will have our Thanksgiving-dinner; we will all assemble then together, and be very joyful!"

The usual day of Thanksgiving came, and the two young men lay on the bed of death.—The whole family were assembled, and Benjamin called them one by one to his bedside, and shaking hands with them, and blessing them, took his leave of them all. Soon after this he called his brother John to him, and raising himself up, sang in the most heavenly and inspired voice, "Victory! Victory! This is the day of victory!" After this he lived a fortnight, and during this time composed some very beautiful music. He was a most amiable and affectionate character; and though considered by many the finest singer of the whole family, was one of the brothers who mostly remained at home working on the Old Home Farm, for the general good.—Among his favorite pursuits was gardening; he was deeply and sincerely religious, but without any gloom or severity, and was possessed, in a remarkable degree, of the power of making home happy to all around him. The fever which carried off this excellent young man, carried off also the sister's husband; and thus the burden of their Thanksgiving-hymn for the last year was the words of the afflicted Psalmist, "The Lord giveth, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!"

Such are the circumstances under which have been formed the characters of the Hutchinson Family. Once knowing these, we are no longer surprised at finding the like in persons who pursue a profession which is apt to wear away the marks of original nature and simplicity, and to leave instead traces of art and conventionalism. But in them the qualities which grew up on the "Old Home Farm," in the "Old Granite State," are too firmly and hereditarily grounded to be obliterated by any after circumstances.—They have the durability of the granite with the cordial spirit of home. You feel at once, in coming in contact with them, that they are true spirits. There is a freshness, a reality, a domestic truth about them that come upon you like the freedom of the forest, the greenness of the field, the elastic breath of the country. In the midst of the throng of the city, and while administering to the pleasures of the fashionable, the spirit of the old, religious, affectionate home, never departs from them. They make a conscience of singing into their hearers the sentiments which animate themselves—those of noble independence, manly simplicity, the kindest sympathies with suffering humanity, and ardor for liberty, peace, and progress. Let America send us over such specimens of her children, and she will fulfil all our hopes and our earliest conceptions of her. They are worthy of the country of Washington, Franklin, and Channing.—When once seen the heart warms to them, because they are simply incarnations of the spirit af love and the luxury of elevated sentiments; and these are the qualities which, without any reasoning or striving, will draw the two countries into that bond of brotherhood which, however manners and institutions may differ, will make them always one great nation.

It will be seen that we regard this estimable family in a far higher point of view than that of mere artists or singers—though we are fully disposed to give musical art all its glory; we look upon them as unassuming but most effectual heralds of great truths and the noblest sentiments, wherever they go. Their visit will not have been in vain amongst us; and, whether they return to us again or not, our warmest thanks and wishes attend them. In that future, primitive life, amid their native scenes, with which they please their imagination, they will, we are sure, often visit in thought the old country, where they have scattered the fires of their generous sympthies; and we on our part, shall often hear in fancy the strains that have touched us more deeply than the highest triumph of art, startling and thrilling as it may be, but which falls far short of the simple, yet delicious song of nature, poetry and love, blended in the heart of a Christian."

JOHN RANDOLPH'S SLAVES.

Main street on Wednesday morning, presented a singular scene—one which never before occurred here, and which may not occur again. In front of our office, and occupying the centre of the street for half a square, was a cloud of negroes—men, women and children—like a drove of sheep coming to market. They were dressed in coarse cottons, apparently comfortable in bodily circumstances, and walked along from the river to the canal. They were, in his life-time, the slaves of the celebreted JOHN RANDOLPH of Roanoke!

This extradinary man remains extraordinary even in the transactions which follow his death. The word "REMORSE," written on a card, in his death scene, expresses fully the sentiment which often conflicted in his life-time with much of his singular conduct.

In one of these repentant moods, he made a Will, liberating his slaves, and providing for their transportation and support in a free State. This WILL was contested, almost as a matter of course—because the eccentricity of his conduct and the doubtful sanity of his mind made its legality questionable. The Will, however, after passing through a long course of litigation in the Virginia Courts, was at length established. Judge LEE, the Executor, then proceeded to make the most advantageous arrangements he could, to carry out the objects of the Will, and provide for the comfort of the people. For this purpose, he last year visited Ohio; and after consulting with a number of intelligent gentlemen, fixed upon a spot in Mercer county, for their abode.

Yesterday they arrived here, and this morning have resumed their journey. They are of all ages and conditions—from the infant upon the breast, to the old man tottering under the weight of time and infirmities. They numbered, we believe, 395, in all. Whether they were all present, we are not informed. They had their baggage wagons along,—and all in all, had a more comfortable appearance, by much, than have N. Carolina "Emigrants," who have been immortalized in the picture of our townsman, BEARD. The last one, was a stout, but old and bent over man, who walked with a cane. We thought of him as one, who, perhaps, has been reared with and played with the Orator of Charlotte, and who, when "Remorse" played round his heart, had been remembered in the WILL of JOHN RANDOLPH, of ROANOKE. [Cincinnati Chronicle.

TO YOUNG MEN.

There is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man. I watch him as I do a star in the heavens; clouds may be before him, but we know that his light is behind them, and will beam again; the blaze of others' popularity may outshine him, but we know that though unseen he illuminates his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not virtue; but he does resist and conquer; he hears the sarcasms of the profligate, and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue, but heals the wound with his own pure touch. He heeds not the watch-word of fashion, if it leads to sin; the atheist, who says not only in his heart, but with his lips, "there is no God!" controls him not; he sees the hand of a creating God, and rejoices in it.

Woman is sheltered by fond arms and loving counsel; old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength: but the young man stands amid the temptations of the world, like a self balanced tower; happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of morality.

Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard and nerve thyself for goodness. If God has given thee intellectual power, awaken it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin, by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that drop into a polluted current. Awake, arise, young man! assume the beautiful garb of virtue! It is fearfully easy to sin; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength, then! let Truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.

[Southern Rose.

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